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RUN DOWN IN MID-OCEAN—LOSS OF THE "STATE OF FLORIDA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson from Descriptions by Survivors.—[See Page 311.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1884.

THE ART COMPETITION.

To the Competitors in the Art Competition:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS in 1883 offered a prize for the best illustration of a Christmas hymn, specifying certain conditions under which the competition could be entered upon, it being designed that the sum awarded to the successful contestant should be used to aid in the farther prosecution of his study of art.

The judges of the competition reported that they were unable to award the prize to any of the contributions.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS reopened the competition on September 8, 1883, enlarging, as you are aware, its general scope, and modifying the limitations as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.

The first prize of $3000 was to be awarded to the best original drawing, appropriate to Christmas, and suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and three additional prizes of $500 each were to be awarded three such other drawings as might be deemed suitable for use in HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE respectively.

From the judges of the Art Competition, Messrs. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., and CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have received the following communication:

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition desire to present the following report:

We have carefully examined each and every one of the works submitted for competition, and find that no one of them unites in a sufficient degree the qualities required by the conditions of the competition—namely, good execution, appropriateness of subject selected, sufficiency of illustration, and originality of conception and treatment—to warrant its selection for publication.

We can not, therefore, award any prize.

We have the honor to be, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
CHARLES PARSONS.

NEW YORK, *March* 24, 1884.

Disappointed at the miscarriage of their intentions, and their failure to meet with a gratifying result where it did not seem to be unreasonable to look for one, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS consulted with the judges of the competition, and the result of their deliberations is indicated in the following correspondence:

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *April* 28, 1884.

Messrs. R. Swain Gifford, F. D. Millet, and Charles Parsons, Art Competition Committee:

DEAR SIRS,—We inclose herewith our check for five thousand dollars, and in accordance with your kind offer of the 18th inst. we hereby appoint you trustees of the amount, to be known as the "Harper Art Scholarship Fund," the interest thereof to be used at your discretion for the encouragement of art students, not over thirty years of age, in the prosecution of their study.

We should like it to be understood that should any of you retire from this trust, or for any reason cease to administer the same, his place shall be filled by the remaining trustee or trustees, subject to the approval of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Yours, very truly,
HARPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, *April* 30, 1884.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—We have the honor to acknowledge your favor of the 28th inst., inclosing your check for five thousand dollars, appointing us trustees of this sum, for the purpose named in your letter. We accept the trust in the same spirit in which it is offered us, and we shall endeavor to administer it in a manner which will best carry out the purpose you have had in view. We are, gentlemen, your obedient servants,

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
C. PARSONS.

$5000 NEW YORK, *April* 28, 1884.

Received of HARPER & BROTHERS the sum of five thousand dollars, which we, the undersigned, are to hold as trustees of a fund which shall be known as the "Harper Art Scholarship Fund," the interest whereof is to be used at our discretion for the encouragement of art students, under thirty years of age, in the prosecution of art study.

Should any of us retire from this trust, or for any reason cease to administer the same, the vacancy or vacancies so created shall be filled by the remaining trustee or trustees, subject to the approval of HARPER & BROTHERS.

R. SWAIN GIFFORD,
F. D. MILLET,
C. PARSONS.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

THE NOMINATION.

THE BLAINE movement holds the same relation to the Chicago Convention of this year that the GRANT movement held to the Convention of 1880. It asserts the certainty of Mr. BLAINE'S nomination, and alleges for him an unbought enthusiasm such as the GRANT men claimed for their candidate four years ago. Besides this, however, there is a reproduction of the tone of the GRANT canvass toward the independent wing of the party. The Stalwart sneers at Phariseeism and assumed superiority and "professional reformers," and the venerable inquiry whether the tail expects to wag the dog, are not infrequent in the papers that warmly support the BLAINE nomination. The Democrats are expected, of course, to gibe at the party of moral ideas, but it is a bad sign when Republicans ridicule the demand for honesty in politics as Phariseeism, and when the old Stalwart talk of "the boys" about the pavement of heaven not being clean enough for the feet of reformers is again made to do duty in the place of argument and common-sense. One thing certainly even the friends of Mr. BLAINE will admit. It is that this spirit of Stalwartism did not help its cause, but on the contrary arrayed against it the combined intelligent common-sense of the country. Indeed, it was the revelation of the essential nature of Stalwartism which was made by the general blackguarding of everything politically honest and manly and honorable, and the steady denunciation, by politicians who were known to be corrupt, of all politics but corrupt politics as Sunday-school and lemonade politics, which did more even than their acts—which were often carefully concealed—to open the eyes of honest men to the actual situation. This Stalwart proceeding culminated four years ago, and if the opponents of Sunday-school and lemonade politics are satisfied with the events of the intervening years, and with the present situation, certainly the goody-goodies do not complain.

The resort of the friends of Mr. BLAINE to these exceedingly silly and discredited tactics will hardly commend him to the favor of those who already doubt the wisdom of his nomination. If it be ludicrous to expect the tail to wag the dog, is it so very comical to suggest that the rudder directs the course of the ship? It is indeed a very small appendage—much smaller and less apparent in proportion than the dog's tail, but it is a very important part of the vessel, and when the rudder can not wag the ship, it is very unfortunate for the ship. When that part of a party which insists upon honesty and decency and cleanliness in politics fails to control its general movement, the party is near misfortune. A majority in a party or in a convention is like bulk in a vessel. It will not save the ship if the rudder fails. The friends of Mr. BLAINE make a fatal mistake if they suppose that all those who now protest, in the interest of Republican success, against a certain possible action of the Convention, would support any candidate who might be nominated. It is very possible that some Republican journals which greatly deprecate the nomination of Mr. BLAINE would not technically bolt it, nor advise voting for the Democratic candidate. Thus the *Tribune* during the State campaign of 1882 did not bolt the nomination of Mr. FOLGER nor support the Democratic candidate, and on the very day of the election, or the day before, it remarked that, upon the whole, Republicans had better vote for Mr. FOLGER. But such support does not sustain. It preserves the bare form of party regularity, but it does not promote party success. It does not help a candidate, but leaves him helpless.

Now there are obvious reasons why a journal would retain a nominal connection with its party rather than openly break with it which do not influence the action of the voter. Even if some journals should prefer to take this passive position of perfunctory party adherence, yet the independent voters of 1882 and of 1879, and of all other years, would not, in our judgment, be satisfied with this course. They would actively and influentially oppose the election of Mr. BLAINE. If to this statement of what is less an opinion than a fact perfectly well known it should be replied that if a party can not nominate its most popular member it had better dissolve, it is useful to remember that this is precisely what was said by the friends of Mr. CLAY, who was nominated three times to be three times beaten. A party, after all, is more than a man, and it is not necessarily wise to assert that a party ought to be defeated if circumstances have made its most popular member unavailable. If it be desirable, as we believe, to retain Republican control of the government, that result can be accomplished beyond question only by the nomination of a candidate who would be willingly supported by all voters who under any circumstances would vote for a Republican.

DEFEAT OF THE MORRISON BILL.

THE defeat of the MORRISON "horizontal" tariff reduction bill by a majority of four votes is a very important political event. Amid the bitter denunciation of the Democrats who voted against it as "traitors," "renegades," "party assassins," and other similar epithets, the fact remains that a fifth of the Democrats in the House, led by one of the most eminent of Democratic Representatives, opposed the bill, and that the party is hopelessly divided upon the question. Indeed, if the Democratic party were in good faith an honest and resolute revenue reform party, as some Republican revenue reform journals insist, it is difficult to see why such journals do not support that party.

The fact is—and the vote upon the horizontal bill shows it more plainly than ever—the parties are not organized upon the tariff question, and while the parties remain as they are the attempt to make the canvass of the year turn upon the tariff will necessarily fail. The Pennsylvania and Ohio and New Jersey Democrats favor inaction or protection. A Republican speaker in those States would not find it necessary to advocate encouragement to domestic industry, because both parties would agree with him, and any Democratic orator who should rejoice over any measure, in Mr. DORSHEIMER'S phrase, as "a firm first step toward free trade" would find himself deserted by his own party. All that can be said is that the free-traders in the Democratic majority of the House have tried to commit their party to that first firm step, and have failed; and their failure certainly does not make Democrats who do not agree with them traitors.

The Democratic party, having thus declined to favor reform in the civil service and revenue reform, will enter upon the Presidential election with no principle or policy whatever except that of turning out Republicans because of alleged corruption and extravagance. The only way, therefore, in which Republicans could help the Democrats would be by some nomination which would seem to justify the Democratic cry. Since the canvass, by the action of the Democrats, is to be personal, the Republicans are fully warned to act accordingly.

SIGNS TO BE HEEDED.

THE Revenue Reform Club which was recently formed in Boston, is, as we have said, a very significant sign of the times. There were some eight hundred names signed to the call, and among them are those of leading Republicans and Democrats, who give their approval to the statement that "the present enormous surplus in the national revenues is demoralizing and dangerous; that it should be cut down without further delay, not by increasing the public expenditure, but by lessening the burden of taxation; that this burden should be removed from the necessaries of life, and not from whiskey and tobacco; and that the policy of taxing imports, not for the purpose of raising revenue, but of obstructing trade, is unsound, and must ultimately be abandoned." The Republican Convention, which met the day after the organization of this club, adopted the following statement as part of its platform:

> "We advocate tariff laws which, while furnishing necessary revenue, shall favor the labor and industrial enterprise of the country, and not assail them, while we insist upon a reduction of customs duties because of the dangerous surplus in the Treasury receipts. At the same time we deem it essential that this reduction should be made with the least possible injury to the labor and manufacturing interests of the country, and we condemn the arbitrary percentage reduction proposed by the present Democratic House of Representatives because it fails to reform any inequalities of taxation, disregards the business wants of the country, and, if adopted, would cripple many industries, and at the same time would probably increase the revenue. We also recognize in the progressive changes in industrial conditions the necessity for an investigation of the tariff upon a scientific basis, to the end that it may be considered as to its real influence upon labor, capital, production, and revenue."

All this is in the original and strong Republican State of Massachusetts. Moreover, the men who sign the call and who unite themselves in the Revenue Reform Club are already united, as we said last week, in Civil Service Reform Clubs, and they are leading Republicans and Democrats. The fact is well worth careful attention. When men are agreed upon actual living issues, and differ only upon those which are passing away, will they long oppose each other at the polls?

This union occurs also at a time of peculiar party independence, and on the eve of a Presidential election which, it is generally admitted, can not be carried by "whooping up" a party, but only by the aid of independent voters who resist all "whooping" measures. This is a situation which demands serious attention from all who desire Republican success in the election of this year, because it is the evidence that mere tradition and party spirit and old cries will not suffice for success. For what does the situation show? The organization of the Massachusetts Revenue Reform Club, which will extend, and is already extending, to other States, and the tone of the Massachusetts Republican platform, which is acceptable to hosts of Republicans everywhere, show that the decisive vote in this election demands progress. The party moral that we draw, therefore, is that if the Republican Convention would take the course which will deserve victory and secure it, its nomination must satisfy the intelligent and independent vote that the progress and reform upon which it is bent will be assured by Republican success. The Republican canvass must mean principle, character, and progress. The only defense upon which the party can undertake to enter is that of its general achievement. To undertake personal defense is wholly out of the question, if, in the present temper of the country, we would elect our candidate. Not only must the candidate be beyond the necessity of personal defense, but he must be identified with reform. From national conventions of both parties, since the war, reform has been bowed out with sneering politeness. At Chicago, four years ago, notwithstanding the mild precedents of previous conventions, the platform as reported did not contain even an allusion to reform, and a resolution approving it, offered as an addition to the platform, was adopted only after its vital part had been shorn away, and General GARFIELD treated the subject very unsatisfactorily in his letter of acceptance. To no part of the course of the Convention this year will the decisive vote turn a more scrutinizing eye than to its action and declarations upon this subject. We do not doubt that the declaration will be adequate and satisfactory, but its sincerity will be tested by the candidate who shall be nominated. If the Republican party at its Convention chooses, by its platform and its candidate, to respond to the renewed political life and desire of the country, and to raise the banner of reform and progress as the Republican standard, it will march resistlessly to victory.

THE METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session in Philadelphia, brings together the most eminent officers and members of that communion for consultation upon its most important interests. The members which the Conference represents, and the comparatively short time in which those members have been gathered, suggest the most striking religious movement of modern times. The pious zeal and the organizing power of JOHN WESLEY make him one of the most remarkable figures of the last century, and his association with his seraphic brother CHARLES and that tongue of fire WHITEFIELD offers one of the most interesting groups in religious history.

The singular genius of JOHN WESLEY for administration is shown by the fact that his general scheme of church organization remains unchanged. It was designed for a proselyting movement, but it proves to be adapted to an established institution, and the itinerancy which was natural to the early stages of Methodism is undoubtedly a source of strength in its day of full development and power. Its system of detailed supervision, which enables superior authority to respond to the especial situation of any community, and to supply the very gift and skill which its necessities require, is as useful now as ever, and a serious departure from this original method would seem to an outsider to be the disappearance of one of the vital forces of the movement. The Methodist Church has been remarkably fortunate in its chief officers, the bishops. As a class they have been a body of earnest, devoted, and able men, disciples and representatives of what may be called the primitive spirit of their Church and of the Church. They have never been, in the old and objurgatory sense, prelates, but only chief ministers exercising authority without pomp, and true shepherds of their flocks. Among eminent clergymen in the country no name is more honored than that of the senior bishop of the Methodist Church, Bishop SIMPSON.

That there should be sometimes an earnest contest for election to this dignified and powerful position is not surprising. The great membership of the Church and its vast interests invest its chief leaders with great importance, and among its thousands of excellent and able ministers it may well be difficult to select bishops without seeming to overlook men of equal qualifications and just claims with those that are chosen. As Methodists are also men, it is natural that those who greatly prefer one candidate to others should endeavor to persuade fellow-members of the Conference to share their preference; and from this natural disposition springs that earnest action which in worldly language is called caucusing. But that there is any unfair conduct of this kind, however pressing and urgent the argument may be, there has been no sign. The Conference shows the denomination to be vigorous, increasing, and progressing—a great moral power in American national life.

AN "OLD MOLE."

THE "freedom of worship" bill has re-appeared in the Legislature of New York. This is a familiar enterprise, the endeavor to secure a sectarian control of the House of Refuge under the plea of providing religious freedom and equality. The implication of the title of the bill is that the inmates of the House of Refuge and the public charitable institutions generally are deprived of freedom of religious profession and worship, and that the advocates of the proposed bill are the champions of religious liberty. The last assumption disappears in the light of the fact that the bill is prepared and urged by the Roman Catholic Union, an association which we believe is under Jesuit control, and whatever good things may be true of the Jesuits, it will not be alleged that they approve of religious freedom; on the contrary, they hold resolutely to the extreme view of the exclusive authority of the Roman Church.

Every religious communion is entitled to equal religious rights in our public institutions, but every such institution must be absolutely non-sectarian. That is a condition which must be maintained at all hazards, and it is maintained at the House of Refuge. Its chapel is open to all denominations without discrimination, and there moral and religious teaching is welcomed under such regulations as the general welfare and objects of the institution require. The sick and other inmates are attended by such clergymen as they may desire, but no direct or indirect proselyting is permitted. It is, in fact, in every sense a non-sectarian institute, with perfect freedom from all religious restraint. No sacrament of any particular Church or creed is allowed, and no effort is permitted to interfere with the religious views of the inmates.

The House of Refuge is one of the most admirable of the public institutions of the city, and has been always under the management of most honored citizens of New York, whose conduct of its affairs has commanded the most cordial commendation of eminent citizens of every religious faith, including the Roman Catholic. Its efficiency could not be increased by giving to it a sectarian character, and as the inmates are in no way restricted in the indulgence of their religious preferences, there is no reason that under the pretense of securing equal religious freedom the House of Refuge should be converted into a proselyting mission of a religious sect.

OUR ANCESTORS.

THE old proverb *noblesse oblige* indicates the instinctive interest in ancestors, and the appearance of the neat quarterly, the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, shows how wide that interest is. The *Register* collects the scattered and decaying records of the domestic, civil, literary, religious, and political life in the form of personal annals, and the society whose organ it is has employed an accomplished agent, Mr. HENRY F. WATERS, to engage in researches among the records in England for the ancestry of American and especially of New England families.

Mr. WATERS is peculiarly fitted by taste and long training for his task, and some of the results of his exploration, published in the *Register*, show how thoroughly he is doing his work. Among his notes are those in regard to the HATHORNE, or HAWTHORNE, family, and Mr. WATERS has traced the lineage of our great romancer with a fullness which, as he truly remarks, if HAWTHORNE himself could have known, would have sent him upon a filial pilgrimage into English Berkshire, loitering at Bonfield and Bray, at Cruchfield and Oakley Green, with which his family was identified.

Mr. WATERS informs us that Major WILLIAM HATHORNE, the first American ancestor of NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, was, after Governor ENDICOTT, by far the most important personage in the civil history of Salem during the first generation, as his descendant was certainly its most famous personage in the later generation. It is hoped that the researches now proceeding will enable the inquirer in this country to find a clew to his English ancestry, and any one who is willing to aid in the pleasant and useful work may be sure that his aid will not be misapplied if it be addressed to JOHN WARD DEAN, at the Society's House, Boston.

GENERAL GRANT.

THE response of the country to Mr. EDMUNDS's proposition to place General GRANT upon the retired list of the army, with the rank and full pay of the position that he resigned when he became President, has been as unanimous as the feeling of gratitude for his illustrious services during the war. The misfortunes which, without fault of his own, have recently befallen him have moved universal sympathy, and the prompter the action of Congress, the more satisfactory it will be to the country. Even such misfortunes must seem to General GRANT not without compensation, since they have served to renew the expression of that profound admiration and obligation which his fellow-citizens will always cherish for his unselfish patriotism and masterly ability in the darkest hour of the national life.

THE "STATE OF FLORIDA."

THE terrible disaster of the *State of Florida* and the curious conduct of the *City of Rome* suggest that there is great room for improvement in the management of ocean steamers. There is a very general feeling that everything is sacrificed to the endeavor to make a short voyage, and that the ships are urged at full speed through the thickest fogs, trusting to their ability to overpower all obstructions.

The testimony of the survivors of the *State of Florida* seems to show also an incredible carelessness of the most ordinary measures of security. Apparently there was no reason whatever for the collision. The night was clear, and the lights of the bark must have been seen by any one upon the *State of Florida* who was properly watching. If ships at sea can ever pass safely by night, there seems to be no reason why these two should not have passed.

The *City of Rome*, again, seems to have treated the whole matter in the most airy manner. Although signaled by the *Louise*, which was carrying a part of the survivors, and answering the signal, the *City of Rome* was evidently too intent upon pushing on even to stop to ascertain what was wanted. Yet if there be any duty which should be sacred to every ship that sails, it is that of passing no signal at sea until it is fully understood and properly answered. The sinking of the *State of Florida* was so sudden that the actual details of the collision will probably never be known. But every such deplorable event should renew every effort upon the part of the steamer companies to provide against every emergency, and teach the officers of every ship to remember that neither a reputation for speed nor one for luxury is so advantageous to an ocean steam-ship line as the confidence of the utmost care and safety.

PERSONAL.

RICHMOND, Virginia, said a New York merchant, after a Southern trip, is the most desirable place of residence on the continent—"very sociable, no show, and dinner at four o'clock. I wish I lived there."

—The mining capacities of Alabama promise to be a source of great wealth to that State. Some of the towns have grown recently as fast as those Pennsylvania towns which first consisted of two or three carpet-baggers around an oil-well hole. The Southerners who are developing the industrial resources of the South are mostly young men who were not old enough to fight in the late war, and to whom war issues are practically dead, and business is the main things.

—High life in New York: Mrs. JONES gave a dinner party, and among the edible luxuries on her table were some choice peaches. A few days afterward Mrs. SMITH gave a dinner party. She had peaches too. But peaches in the mean time had become cheaper, and she was miserable because she knew her lady guests knew it and were talking about it.

—Mr. EMORY STORRS, of Chicago, was dining recently in London at Minister LOWELL's, and near him sat the Duke of Argyll, who during the conversation expressed surprise that Chicago should have treated OSCAR WILDE—"a man whom we think nothing of, if we think of him at all"—so well. "It's all a mistake, your Grace," replied Mr. STORRS; "we had nothing to do with WILDE in Chicago." "But I certainly read in the New York and Boston papers long accounts of his reception in your city." "True, your Grace," answered the Chicago lawyer; "but the recent growth of Chicago has made it the metropolis of the United States, and all the seaboard cities are jealous of her, and say spiteful things about her." Mr. LOWELL, of Boston, was about to interject a remark just here, but Mr. STORRS silenced him with a significant look. After the meal, and on the way upstairs, the American Minister touched Mr. STORRS's arm, and whispered: "You got out of that very well, STORRS. Sinful, but patriotic."

—The late Mr. CHARLES READE wrote his own epitaph—a sensible procedure in one who could write so well, and who possessed so intimate and extended an acquaintance with the abortions of obituary literature; and it is interesting, though by no means curious, to note that he calls himself "dramatist, novelist, and journalist," giving importance (as artists usually do), not to the line of work in which he most excelled, but to the line of work in which he most wished to excel. The epitaph is one particularly adapted to touch the popular heart. It is as follows:

Here lie,
by the Side of his Beloved Friend, the Mortal
Remains of
CHARLES READE,
Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist.
His last Words to Mankind are on this Stone.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature can not. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession, once granted, can not be rejected; for He is God, and His merits infinite: a man's sins are but human and finite. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous, and He is the propitiation for our sins."

—"A singular feature of the prevailing Anglomania of New York city," observes an old merchant, "is meanness in money trifles. A five-cent piece is a sacred thing if a footman or a waiter is to be feed. The purpose is to encourage all servants, at all times, in the belief that their masters are stingy. The masters wish them to believe so. Why? Because English masters are so, and they want to resemble English masters. They are determined not to be confounded with your ordinary generous Americans. They are a class by themselves, and they want it so to be understood."

—The late JOHN EVERS, N.A., was distinguished, not as a painter, but as a scene-painter, and thirty years ago in the old Park Theatre his brush was highly appreciated. Mr. A. B. DURAND, of South Orange, New Jersey, and Mr. THOMAS S. CUMMINGS, of Massachusetts, are now the only survivors of the founders of the National Academy of Design. Scene-painting in these days, when flourishes the Wagnerian idea of making the drama a representative simultaneously of music, sculpture, painting, literature, and acting, is a very reputable profession.

—The bill introduced by Senator SHERMAN into the Senate to reappoint General JOHN C. FREMONT a Major-General in the United States army is really a measure for the financial relief of the distinguished path-finder and soldier, inspired by the famous Mrs. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT, who, of all women in the country, is the most capable of seeing it through. Mrs. FREMONT has no more enthusiastic admirer than the General himself, who does not hesitate to tell his friends that if he had followed his wife's advice more closely he would now be a hundred times better off.

—The late Mr. HENRY WIKOFF, who died at Brighton, England, on the 2d of May, in his seventy-sixth year, was the best-known private citizen of this country at the courts of Europe, though he never bragged about it. He was also well known to a multitude of distinguished Americans, many of whom were his warm personal friends. No untitled resident of Europe was more welcome at a New York dinner table than the Chevalier WIKOFF. No American understood European politics so intimately, or could touch their sources so successfully. It is a loss to literature and to history that a man of the Chevalier's ability and information should not have written a serious book.

—Before leaving America for his sunny Italy, Signor CAMPANINI went out of his way to speak slightingly in the newspapers of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY, under whose auspices he sang last season, and of the new Metropolitan Opera-house, which gave him a chance to be heard. The signor's taste in this matter was not good. But both Mr. ABBEY and the directors of the new opera-house will doubtless be pleased to learn that a sojourn in his Italian villa has improved the once brilliant tenor's voice.

—It is worth noticing that about as many American artists have signed petitions to Congress in favor of free trade in art as have signed petitions against it. The free-trade men, however, claim that they are sending in new names all the while, and that they can continue doing so indefinitely.

—Artists do not like the term "patron of art." They use it, but they don't like it. They feel toward it much as Dr. JOHNSON felt toward the Earl of Chesterfield in the matter of a dedication to his dictionary, and they insist, very justly, that art can not be patronized, that the goddess bestows her favors only upon those who seek them on their knees.

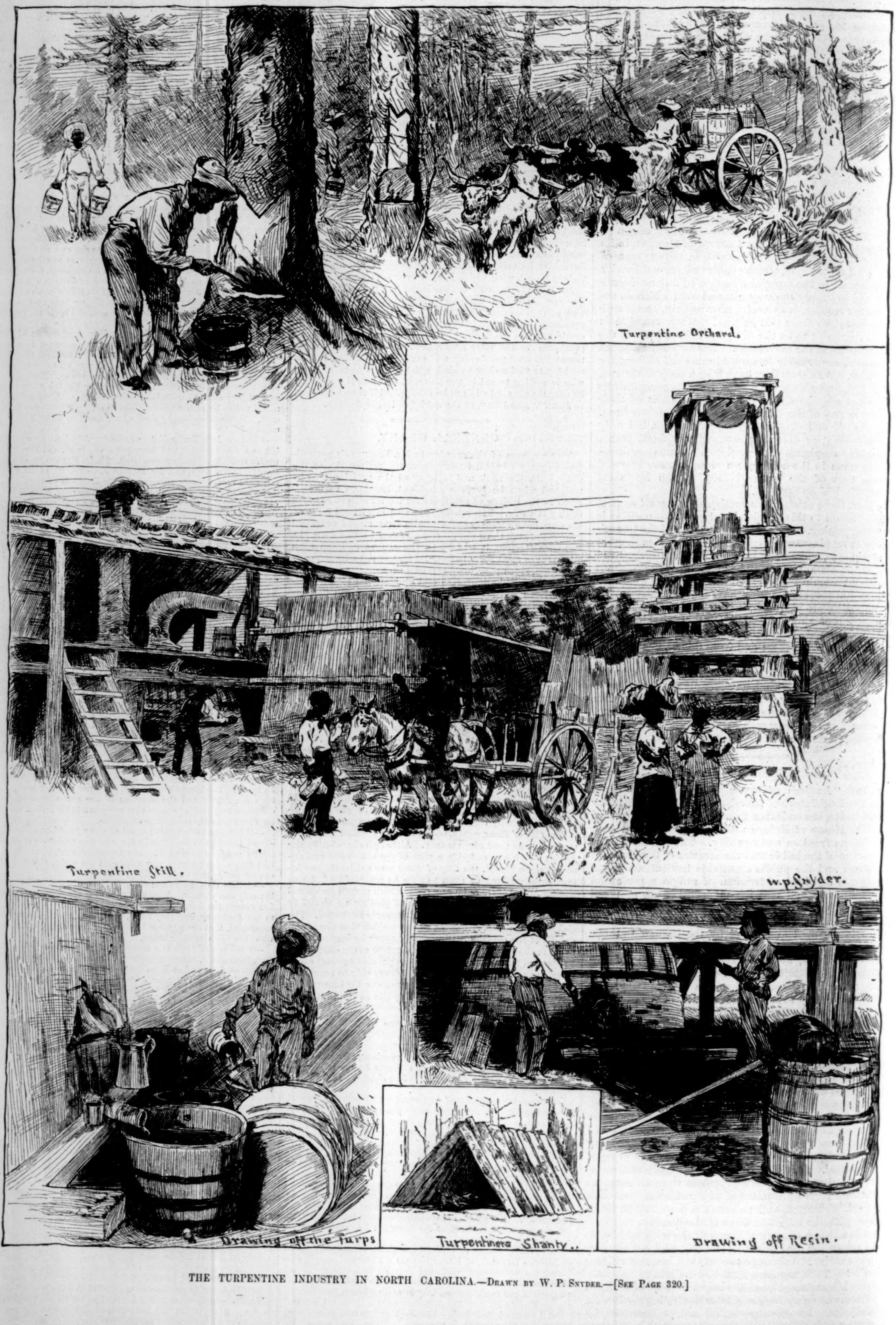
—The Fencers' Club is a company of gentlemen—judges, lawyers, littérateurs, painters, sculptors, brokers, physicians, and architects—whose object is to help themselves to social pleasure and profitable light exercise. They have obtained the services of a clever instructor, whose professional notions are not finical, and they have evolved the fact that in a month or six weeks it is possible to become accomplished in the art of fencing.

—Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY is the president of that useful organization the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is also a lawyer, and is possessed of a large private fortune. The best compliment that the police of this city ever received was paid them by Mr. GERRY in court the other day, when he said, "From my experience and observation I think that the police force of today is far more efficient than it was ten years ago—better trained, better controlled, and of better physique."

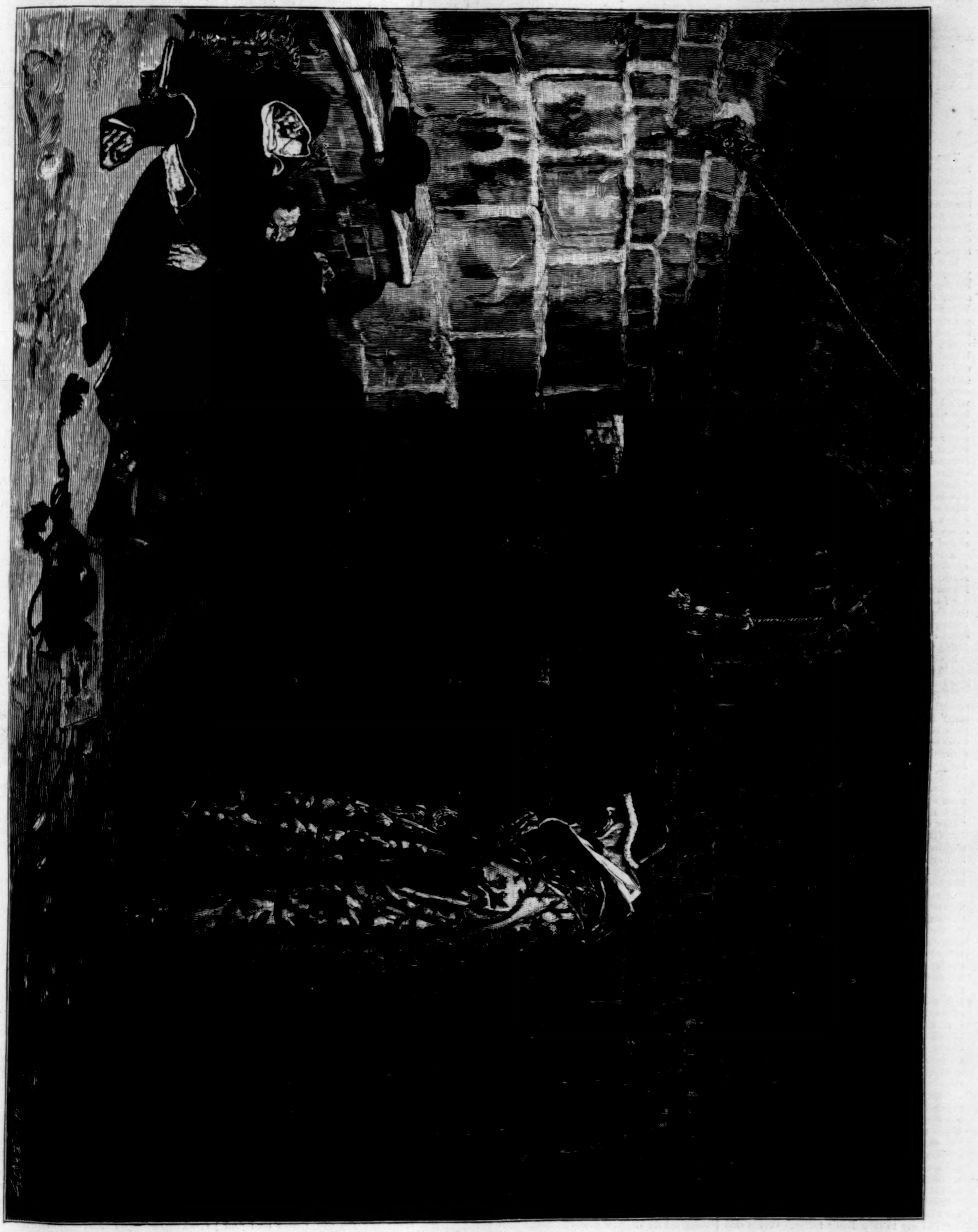
—The "venerable Father of the city of Brooklyn," is Mr. BEECHER's description of young Mayor Low.

—Brokers in their hours of ease are the most boyish of men, and the pranks of the members of the Produce Exchange on leaving their old building were quite characteristic, especially in throwing about the small bags of wheat and the boxes of grain which had been prepared and stored for the occasion, and the contents of which sifted quietly down behind many shirt collars.

—Mr. ELIHU VEDDER is sending from his studio in Rome a series of fifty or more drawings illustrative of the Persian poem, "The Rubaiyat," of OMAR KHAYYAM, of the thirteenth century, as translated by Mr. EDWARD FITZGERALD. These pictures are mostly in black and white crayons on a tinted ground, though in some of them as many as four crayons have been used. They consist mainly of human figures, with background, foreground, and middle-distance accompaniments of landscapes, serpents, and conventionalized floral and laminal designs. To those who know Mr. VEDDER's masterly qualities of conception and his learned skill of draughtsmanship these telling transcripts are no surprise. There is not a living artist who has equalled him in dashing and sane originality of constructive imagination.



THE TURPENTINE INDUSTRY IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 320.]



"THE VENGEANCE OF URBAN VI."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS, PARIS SALON, 1884.

"THE VENGEANCE OF URBAN VI."

On the death of Pope Gregory XI., in 1378, a number of cardinals assembled in Rome elected as his successor an Italian, who assumed the title of Urban VI. The cardinals who resided in Avignon refused to recognize him, partly because he had not been a cardinal, but merely Archbishop of Bari, and partly because of the bitter animosity which he displayed toward France; and in union with some of the Roman cardinals, who declared his election compulsory, elected Count Robert of Geneva Pope, under the name of Clement VII. Thus began the line of Antipopes of Avignon and the great Western schism in the Church.

Clement was at first acknowledged as the rightful Pope by the sovereigns of Naples, Aragon, and Castile. Most of Italy, with all of Germany, England, Brittany, Hungary, and Portugal, adhered to Urban. For a while France remained neutral; but as Clement promised to reside at Avignon, Charles V., in view of the political advantages, became his ardent supporter. These divisions led to sanguinary wars. France and Naples having entered into an engagement to expel Urban from Rome, the latter proclaimed a crusade against his enemies. England and Flanders at once took up arms in defense of his cause, and the fairest portions of the Low Countries were laid waste in the cruel conflict that ensued. In the midst of these calamities a hot theological war arose, which for a time appeared to threaten the very existence of the Christian faith.

The armies that supported Urban were defeated, and he was informed of a conspiracy to arrest him as a heretic and burn him at the stake. With his accustomed energy, he met this new danger by causing the arrest of six cardinals who were suspected of complicity in the plot. They were cruelly tortured in order to extort a confession, and all of them, with the exception of one, who was an Englishman, were put to death.

M. Jean Paul Laurens has chosen the final scene of this tragedy as the subject of a picture exhibited this year at the Paris Salon. Pope Urban stands in the torture-room of his palace gazing at the slaughtered cardinals lying at his feet. The victims of his vengeance, still clad in their scarlet robes, are arranged in decent order, but their distorted faces tell the story of their sufferings. The work is executed in a masterly manner, and notwithstanding the tragic character of the subject, the dramatic force of the composition renders it one of the chief attractions of the exhibition.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XLIV.

COMPETING.

Time at Monksmoor had advanced to the half-hour before dinner on Saturday evening.

Cecilia and Francine, Mr. Wyvil and Mirabel, were loitering in the conservatory. In the drawing-room Emily had been considerately left alone with Alban. He had missed the early train from Netherwoods; but he had arrived in time to dress for dinner and to offer the necessary explanations.

If it had been possible for Alban to allude to the anonymous letter he might have owned that his first impulse had led him to destroy it, and to assert his confidence in Emily by refusing Mr. Wyvil's invitation. But try as he might to forget them, the base words that he had read remained in his memory. Irritating him at the outset, they had ended in rousing his jealousy. Under that delusive influence he persuaded himself that he had acted, in the first instance, without due consideration. It was surely his interest—it might even be his duty—to go to Mr. Wyvil's house and judge for himself. After some last wretched moments of hesitation he had decided on effecting a compromise with his own better sense by consulting Miss Ladd. That excellent lady did exactly what he had expected her to do. She made arrangements which granted him leave of absence from the Saturday to the Tuesday following. The excuse which had served him in telegraphing to Mr. Wyvil must now be repeated in accounting for his unexpected appearance to Emily. "I found a person to take charge of my class," he said; "and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of seeing you again."

After observing him attentively while he was speaking to her, Emily owned, with her customary frankness, that she had noticed something in his manner which left her not quite at her ease.

"I wonder," she said, "if there is any foundation for a doubt that has troubled me?" To his unutterable relief she at once explained what the doubt was. "I am afraid I offended you in replying to your letter about Miss Jethro."

In this case Alban could enjoy the luxury of speaking unreservedly. He confessed that Emily's letter had disappointed him.

"I expected you to answer me with less reserve," he replied; "and I began to think I had acted rashly in writing to you at all. When there is a better opportunity I may have a word to say—" He was apparently interrupted by something that he saw in the conservatory. Looking that way, Emily perceived that Mirabel was the object which had attracted Alban's attention. The vile anonymous letter was in his mind again. Without a preliminary word to prepare Emily, he suddenly changed the subject. "How do you like the clergyman?" he asked.

"Very much indeed," she replied, without the slightest embarrassment. "Mr. Mirabel is clever and agreeable, and not at all spoiled by his success. I am sure," she said, innocently, "you will like him too."

Alban's face answered her unmistakably in the negative sense, but Emily's attention was drawn the other way by Francine. She joined them at the moment, on the lookout for any signs of an encouraging result which her treachery might already have produced. Alban had been inclined to suspect her, when he had received the letter. He rose and bowed as she approached. Something—he was unable to realize what it was—told him, in the moment when they looked at each other, that his suspicion had hit the mark.

In the conservatory the ever-amiable Mirabel left his friends for a while in search of flowers for Cecilia. She turned to her father when they were alone, and asked him which of the gentlemen was to take her in to dinner—Mr. Mirabel or Mr. Morris.

"Mr. Morris, of course," he answered. "He is the new guest, and he turns out to be more than the equal, socially speaking, of our other friend. When I showed him his room, I asked him if he was related to a man who bore the same name—a fellow-student of mine, years and years ago, at college. He is my friend's younger son; one of a ruined family, but persons of high distinction in their day."

Mirabel returned with the flowers just as dinner was announced.

"You are to take Emily to-day," Cecilia said to him, leading the way out of the conservatory. As they entered the drawing-room, Alban was just offering his arm to Emily. "Papa gives you to me, Mr. Morris," Cecilia explained, pleasantly. Alban hesitated, apparently not understanding the allusion. Mirabel interfered with his best grace: "Mr. Wyvil offers you the honor of taking his daughter to the dining-room." Alban's face darkened ominously as the elegant little clergyman gave his arm to Emily, and followed Mr. Wyvil and Francine out of the room. Cecilia looked at her silent and surly companion, and almost envied her lazy sister, dining—under cover of a convenient headache—in her own room.

Having already made up his mind that Alban Morris required careful handling, Mirabel waited a little before he led the conversation as usual. Between the soup and the fish, he made an interesting confession, addressed to Emily in the strictest confidence.

"I have taken a fancy to your friend Mr. Morris," he said. "First impressions, in my case, decide everything; I like people or dislike them on impulse. That man appeals to my sympathies. Is he a good talker?"

"I should say Yes," Emily answered, prettily, "if *you* were not present."

Mirabel was not to be beaten, even by a woman, in the art of paying compliments. He looked admiringly at Alban (sitting opposite to him), and said, "Let us listen."

This flattering suggestion not only pleased Emily—it artfully served Mirabel's purpose. That is to say, it secured him an opportunity for observation of what was going on at the other side of the table.

Alban's instincts as a gentleman had led him to control his irritation, and to regret that he had suffered it to appear. Anxious to please, he presented himself at his best. Gentle Cecilia forgave and forgot the angry look which had startled her. Mr. Wyvil was delighted with the son of his old friend. Emily felt secretly proud of the good opinions which her admirer was gathering; and Francine saw with pleasure that he was asserting his claim to Emily's preference in the way of all others which would be most likely to discourage his rival. These various impressions—produced while Alban's enemy was ominously silent—began to suffer an imperceptible change from the moment when Mirabel decided that his time had come to take the lead. A remark made by Alban offered him the chance for which he had been on the watch. He agreed with the remark; he enlarged on the remark; he was brilliant and familiar, and instructive and amusing—and still it was all due to the remark. Alban's temper was once more severely tried. Mirabel's mischievous object had not escaped his penetration. He did his best to put obstacles in his adversary's way, and was baffled, time after time, with the readiest ingenuity. If he interrupted, the sweet-tempered clergyman submitted, and went on. If he differed, modest Mr. Mirabel said, in the most amiable manner, "I dare say I am wrong," and handled the topic from his opponent's point of view. Never had such a perfect Christian sat before at Mr. Wyvil's table: not a hard word, not an impatient look, escaped him. The longer Alban resisted, the more surely he lost ground in the general estimation. Cecilia was disappointed; Emily was grieved; Mr. Wyvil's favorable opinion began to waver; Francine was disgusted. When dinner was over, and the carriage was waiting to take the shepherd back to his flock by moonlight, Mirabel's triumph was complete. He had made Alban the innocent means of publicly exhibiting his perfect temper and perfect politeness under their best and brightest aspect.

So that day ended. Sunday promised to pass quietly, in the absence of Mirabel. The morning came, and it seemed doubtful whether the promise would be fulfilled.

Francine had passed an uneasy night. No such encouraging result as she had anticipated had hitherto followed the appearance of Alban Morris at Monksmoor. He had clumsily allowed Mirabel to improve his position—while he had himself lost ground—in Emily's estimation. If this first disastrous consequence of the meeting between the two men was permitted to repeat itself on future occasions, Emily and Mirabel would be brought more closely together, and Alban himself would be the unhappy cause of it. Francine rose on the Sunday morning before the table was laid for breakfast, resolved to try the effect of a timely word of advice.

Her bedroom was situated in the front of the house. The man she was looking for presently passed within her range of view from the window, on his way to take a morning walk in the park. She followed him immediately.

"Good-morning, Mr. Morris."

He raised his hat and bowed, without speaking and without looking at her.

"We resemble each other in one particular," she proceeded, graciously; "we both like to breathe the fresh air before breakfast."

He said exactly what common politeness obliged him to say, and no more—he said, "Yes."

Some girls might have been discouraged. Francine went on.

"It is no fault of mine, Mr. Morris, that we have not been better friends. For some reason, into which I don't presume to inquire, you seem to distrust me. I really don't know what I have done to deserve it."

"Are you sure of that?" he asked, eying her suddenly and searchingly as he spoke.

Her hard face settled into a rigid look; her eyes met his eyes with a stony, defiant stare. Now for the first time she knew that he suspected her of having written the anonymous letter. Every evil quality in her nature stood on the defense. A hardened old woman could not have sustained the shock of discovery with a more devilish composure than this girl displayed. "Perhaps you will explain yourself," she said.

"I *have* explained myself," he answered.

"Then I must be content," she rejoined, "to remain in the dark. I had intended, out of my regard for Emily, to suggest that you might, with advantage to yourself and to interests that are very dear to you, be more careful in your behavior to Mr. Mirabel. Are you disposed to listen to me?"

"Do you wish me to answer that question plainly, Miss De Sor?"

"I insist on your answering it plainly."

"Then I am *not* disposed to listen to you."

"May I know why, or am I to be left in the dark again?"

"You are to be left, if you please, to your own ingenuity."

Francine looked at him with a malignant smile. "One of these days, Mr. Morris, I will deserve your confidence in my ingenuity." She said it, and went back to the house.

This was the only element of disturbance that troubled the perfect tranquillity of the day. What Francine had proposed to do, with the one idea of making Alban serve her purpose, was accomplished a few hours later by Emily's influence for good over the man who loved her.

They passed the afternoon together uninterruptedly in the distant solitudes of the park. In the course of conversation Emily found an opportunity of discreetly alluding to Mirabel. "You mustn't be jealous of our clever little friend," she said: "I like him and admire him, but—"

"But you don't love him?"

She smiled at the eager way in which Alban put the question. "There is no fear of that," she answered, brightly.

"Not even if you discovered that he loves you?"

"Not even then. Are you content at last? Promise me not to be rude to Mr. Mirabel again."

"For his sake?"

"No, for my sake. I don't like to see you place yourself at a disadvantage toward another man; I don't like you to disappoint me."

The happiness of hearing her say those words transfigured him; the manly beauty of his earlier and happier years seemed to have returned to Alban. He took her hand—he was too agitated to speak.

"You are forgetting Mr. Mirabel," she reminded him, gently.

"I will be all that is civil and kind to Mr. Mirabel; I will like him and admire him as you do. Oh, Emily, are you a little, only a very little, fond of me?"

"I don't quite know."

"May I try to find out?"

"How?" she asked.

Her fair cheek was very near to him. The softly rising color on it said, "Answer me here," and he answered.

CHAPTER XLV.

MISCHIEF-MAKING.

On Monday Mirabel made his appearance, and the demon of discord returned with him.

Alban had employed the earlier part of the day in making a sketch in the park, intended as a little present for Emily. Presenting himself in the drawing-room when his work was completed, he found Cecilia and Francine alone. He asked where Emily was.

The question had been addressed to Cecilia. Francine answered it.

"Emily mustn't be disturbed," she said.

"Why not?"

"She is with Mr. Mirabel in the rose garden. I saw them talking together—evidently feeling the deepest interest in what they were saying to each other. Don't interrupt them—you will only be in the way."

Cecilia at once protested against this last assertion. "She is trying to make mischief, Mr. Morris—don't believe her. I am sure they will be glad to see you if you join them in the garden."

Francine rose, and left the room. She turned and looked at Alban as she opened the door. "Try it," she said, "and you will find I am right."

"Francine sometimes talks in a very ill-natured way," Cecilia gently remarked. "Do you think she means it, Mr. Morris?"

"I had better not offer an opinion," Alban replied.

"Why?"

"I can't speak impartially; I dislike Miss De Sor."

There was a pause. Alban's sense of self-respect forbade him to try the experiment which Francine had maliciously suggested. His thoughts—less easy to restrain—wandered in the direction of the garden. The attempt to make him jealous had failed; but he was conscious, at the same time, that Emily had disappointed him. After what they had said to each other in the park, she ought to have remembered that women are at the mercy of appearances. If Mirabel had something of importance to say to her, she might have avoided exposing herself to Francine's spiteful misconstruction. It would have been easy to arrange with Cecilia that a third person should be present at the interview.

While he was absorbed in these reflections, Cecilia—embarrassed by the silence—was trying to find a topic of conversation. Her sympathies were only waiting for a little encouragement from Alban. Was he displeased with Emily? The same question had occurred to Cecilia at the time of the correspondence on the subject of Miss Jethro. To recall those letters led her, by natural sequence, to another effort of memory. She was reminded of the person who had been the cause of the correspondence: her interest was revived in the mystery of Miss Jethro.

"Has Emily told you that I have seen your letters?" she asked.

He roused himself with a start. "I beg your pardon. What letters are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking particularly of the letter which mentioned Miss Jethro's visit. Emily was so puzzled and so surprised that she showed it to me—and we both consulted my father. Have you spoken to Emily about Miss Jethro?"

"I have tried—but, when I mention Miss Jethro's name, Emily seems to be unwilling to pursue the subject."

"Have you made any discoveries since you wrote to Emily?"

"No; the mystery is as impenetrable as ever."

As he replied to her in those terms he saw Mirabel enter the conservatory from the garden, on his way to the drawing-room.

Happy in the conviction that Emily loved him, there was now no feeling of jealousy mingled with the dislike and distrust of the popular preacher, which Alban found it impossible to overcome. But to see the man, whose introduction to Emily it had been Miss Jethro's mysterious object to prevent, at the very moment when he had been speaking of Miss Jethro herself, was not only a temptation to curiosity, but a direct incentive (in Emily's own interests) to make an effort at discovery. Alban pursued the conversation with Cecilia in a tone which was loud enough to be heard in the conservatory.

"The one chance of getting any information that I can see," he proceeded, "is to speak to Mr. Mirabel."

"I shall be only too glad if I can be of any service to Miss Wyvil and Mr. Morris."

With those obliging words Mirabel made a dramatic entry, and looked at Cecilia with his irresistible smile. Startled by his sudden appearance, she unconsciously assisted Alban's design. Her silence gave him the opportunity of speaking in her place.

"We were talking," he said quietly to Mirabel, "of a lady with whom you are acquainted."

"Indeed! May I ask the lady's name?"

"Miss Jethro."

Mirabel sustained the shock with extraordinary self-possession, so far as any betrayal by sudden movement was concerned. But his color told the truth: it faded to ghastly paleness—it revealed even to Cecilia's eyes a man struck dumb by fright.

Alban offered him a chair. He refused to take it by a gesture. Alban tried an apology next. "I am afraid I have ignorantly revived some painful associations. Pray excuse me."

The apology roused Mirabel; he felt the necessity of offering some explanation. In timid animals the one defensive capacity which is always ready for action is cunning. Mirabel was too wily to dispute the inference—the inevitable inference—which any one must have drawn after seeing the effect on him that the name of Miss Jethro had produced. He admitted that "painful associations" had been revived, and deplored the "nervous sensibility" which had permitted it to be seen.

"No blame can possibly attach to *you*, my dear sir," he proceeded, in his most amiable manner. "Will it be indiscreet on my part if I ask how you first became acquainted with Miss Jethro?"

"I first became acquainted with her at Miss Ladd's school," Alban answered. "She was, for a short time only, one of the teachers; and she left her situation rather suddenly." He paused—but Mirabel made no remark. "After an interval of a few months," he resumed, "I saw Miss Jethro again. She called on me at my lodgings, near Netherwoods."

"Merely to renew your former acquaintance?"

Mirabel made that inquiry with an eager anxiety for the reply which he was quite unable to conceal. It was plain that Miss Jethro had left him in ignorance of her memorable visit, and of the purpose that had led to it. Alban was under no engagement to keep the secret; and he was determined to leave no means untried of throwing light on Miss Jethro's mysterious warning. He repeated the plain narrative of the interview which he had communicated by letter to Emily. Mirabel's manner, while he listened, showed that Alban's answer had taken him agreeably by surprise. He had evidently serious reasons to dread what Miss Jethro might have it in her power to say of him. His face brightened the moment he knew that she had not said it.

"After what I have told you, can you give me no explanation?" Alban asked.

"I am quite unable, Mr. Morris, to help you."

Was he lying, or speaking the truth? The impression produced on Alban was that he had spoken the truth.

Women are never so ready as men to resign themselves to the disappointment of their hopes. Cecilia, silently listening up to this time, now ventured to speak, animated by her sisterly interest in Emily. "Have you no idea, Mr. Mirabel, of Miss Jethro's motive?" she asked.

"What motive do you mean, Miss Wyvil?"

"I mean her motive for trying to prevent Emily Brown from meeting you in my father's house."

"I know no more of her motive than you do," Mirabel replied.

Alban interposed. "Miss Jethro left me," he said, "with the intention—quite openly expressed—of trying to prevent you from accepting your invitation to Monksmoor. Did she make the attempt?"

Mirabel admitted that she had made the attempt. "But," he added, "without mentioning Miss Emily's name, and without even hinting that it was her wish to prevent me from meeting any person at Mr. Wyvil's house. I was asked to postpone my visit as a favor to herself, because she had her own reasons for wishing it. I had *my* reasons"—he bowed with gallantry to Cecilia—"for being eager to have the honor of knowing Mr. Wyvil and his daughter, and I refused."

Once more the doubt arose: was he lying, or speaking the truth? And once more Alban could not resist the conclusion that he was speaking the truth.

"There is one thing I should like to know," Mirabel said, uneasily; "has Miss Emily been informed of this strange affair?"

"Certainly!"

Mirabel seemed to be disposed to continue his inquiries, and suddenly changed his mind. "Is there anything more to be said?" he asked.

"Nothing that *I* know of," Alban answered.

"And nothing that *I* know of," Mirabel repeated, with the same emphasis. He bowed, and went out as he had come in—by way of the conservatory.

"Is he going back to Emily?" Cecilia exclaimed.

Alban rose to follow him, and checked himself. "No;" he thought, "I trust Emily." He sat down again by Cecilia's side.

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Mirabel had indeed returned to the rose garden. He found Emily employed as he had left her, in making a crown of roses, to be worn by Cecilia in the evening. But in one other respect there was a change. Francine was present.

"Excuse me for sending you on a needless errand," Emily said to Mirabel. "Miss De Sor tells me Mr. Morris has finished his sketch. She left him in the drawing-room. Why didn't you bring him here?"

"He was talking with Miss Wyvil."

Having made that reply, Mirabel looked at Francine. It was one of those significant looks which say to a third person, "Why are you here?" Francine's jealousy declined to understand him. She had gone into the rose garden for the express purpose of intruding on Emily and Mirabel, and she stood her ground. He tried a broader hint in words.

"Are you going to walk in the garden?" he said.

Francine was impenetrable. "No," she answered; "I am going to stay here with Emily."

Mirabel had no choice but to yield. Imperative anxieties forced him to say in Francine's presence what he had hoped to say to Emily privately.

"I bring you other news from the house than the news of Mr. Morris's return," he began. "The subject of conversation when I entered the drawing-room was—Miss Jethro."

Emily dropped the rose crown in her lap. Astonishment held her speechless.

"I am in some doubt," Mirabel continued, "whether Mr. Morris, in telling me of Miss Jethro's visit, has spoken without reserve. Don't suppose I blame him. I am in a state of anxiety that trusts to you for relief. Tell me, I beg and pray, exactly what *you* know! In speaking to Mr. Morris, did Miss Jethro say anything which tended to lower me in your estimation?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Mirabel—so far as I know. If I had heard anything of the kind, I should have thought it my duty to tell you. Will it relieve your anxiety if I go at once to Mr. Morris, and ask him plainly whether he has concealed anything from you or from me?"

Mirabel gratefully kissed her hand. "Your kindness overpowers me," he said, speaking for once with true emotion.

Emily immediately returned to the house. As soon as she was out of sight, Francine approached Mirabel, trembling with suppressed rage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONFERENCE.

This year is a year of mark in the Methodist calendar; it completes the century since the organization of the Church in 1784. John Wesley's preachers found their way to the Colonies as early as 1766, but from that date till 1784 the Methodists were no more than an assemblage of societies, held together as much by the tireless zeal of their superintendent, Francis Asbury, as by any other bond. Immediately after the Revolution they obtained from Wesley a plan of organization, and in a plain meeting-house of Baltimore, with bare floor and hard benches, known as the "Lovely Lane" Chapel, less than a hundred preachers formed themselves into a Church. At that time the country was impoverished; the Continental paper money was almost worthless; the once Colonies, but now States, were, on the question of duties on imports, on the verge of collision with each other; the union which they had formed under the stress of war had proved to be inefficient; industry was paralyzed; and as for credit, Congress had none whatever. So great was the depression which weighed upon the minds of our leaders that it was said at the close of the Convention which gave us our national Constitution, "If this instrument fails, the next one will be written in blood." Franklin, pointing to a picture hanging on the wall behind the chair of the President of the Convention, confessed that he had long been in doubt whether it was meant for a rising or a setting sun, but now believed it to be the former, and took the fact for a good omen. It was in the midst of such political conditions that American Methodism began its organized life. With a sublime faith in the country's future, the preachers of the Conference of 1784 made the assertion of its national independence one of their articles of religion, saying: "The Congress, the General Assemblies, and the Councils of State, *as the delegates of the people*, are the rulers of the United States of America, according to the division of power made to them by the General Act of Confederation, and by the Constitutions of their respective States. And the said States ought not to be subject to any foreign jurisdiction." This article was modified so as to conform to the facts when the Constitution of 1789 went into effect.

At this time there were less than 20,000 members in the societies; the work of supervision was done by one man, Francis Asbury. This one man, however, was a host; in strength of will the equal of Loyola, in self-sacrifice the peer of Xavier. It was his task to make on horseback the tour from New England to Georgia and back again every year, weaving shuttle-like the threads that held the web of Methodism firmly together. When he could no longer stand in the pulpit he would sit and preach to the people; when he could no longer walk up the pulpit stairs he would be carried up in the strong arms of a young companion, and still would preach. He died, as we may say, by the road-side, accepting the hospitality of the nearest Methodist home in which to breathe his last breath.

Perhaps the secret of the success of American Methodism has lain in the fact of the tremendous impulse given to it by the life and example of this heroic bishop. Certain it is he left behind him a host of worthy successors, men who feared nothing but wrong-doing, and cared little for wealth or fame. Nor is the original impulse of those first years wholly exhausted. Since 1864 especially the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been very rapid. In that year its Church Extension Society was formed, which has disbursed in loans and grants, in the space of twenty years, over $2,500,000, and has aided nearly 4500 churches. In that year also the Freedmen's Aid Society was founded, which has educated already several thousand colored teachers, has founded twenty-four high-grade schools of learning, and has disbursed over a million and a quarter of money. In union with the American Missionary Association and other helpers, the Methodists are forwarding the solution of our Southern problem to an extent which statesmen will hereafter appreciate better than they do now. After all said, many of the most sagacious statesmen our country possesses are the teachers and preachers who are engaged in solving political questions by the processes of Christianity.

Some important measures will come before the General Conference now sitting in Philadelphia. It has in hand the election of three or four bishops—a work which always excites a lively interest, for the reason that each bishop has the entire field of the Church for his diocese. Whether he be in Asia, Africa, Europe, or America, he has a flock to care for, and is its chief pastor. Some demur begins to be made to this world-wide travel, and it is thought by some to be a waste of energy. It is therefore proposed to appoint a bishop for the churches in continental Europe, and one also for the churches in India. But, on the whole, much important legislation can not be expected at this session. Since 1872, when lay representation was consummated, there has been an inclination to rest from legislative labor. Questions are mooted, but are not settled; the review of administrative work and the choosing of officers for the ensuing four years absorb attention and time. After the high excitements extending from 1844 to 1872, the Church appears to crave repose.

George R. Crooks.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The Death of Charles Reade.—His Genius as a Story-teller.—Divergence of Critical Views.—The late Duke of Albany.—International Copyright.

We are fast losing the few men of genius who have distinguished themselves in fiction. The literature in which they excel may be deprecatingly termed "light," but it is of the kind for which the world at large has most to be thankful. It seems but yesterday that Tourguéneff and Trollope left us. How many thousands, nay, millions, of us have been indebted to those two men for soothing the weary hours of pain and watching, or for winning us from the contemplation of our private griefs! The reader who is not grateful to them is an ingrate indeed. And now we have lost Charles Reade, in many respects a greater writer—certainly a better story-teller—than either of the two.

> "Like clouds that sweep the mountain summit,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land!"

I doubt whether any romance of modern life has made a greater impression on the reader's mind, or can be more justly called "inthralling," than *Never too Late to Mend*. The prison scenes, especially the description of the tortured boy, have been pronounced too painful, and indeed can only be excused on the ground of the righteous cause in which they were written; but the life in Australia is at once a poem and a drama of the most exciting kind. Again, the interest and realism of the nautical scenes in *Hard Cash* and *Foul Play* have never been surpassed. Yet Charles Reade was never in Australia, and never at sea. It has been said of genius that it has the power "to reach down its hand through the centuries and touch our eyes with tears," but that is a compliment which only applies to its endurance. No one can tell, though there are plenty of people found to prophesy malevolently about it, how long a writer's fame will endure. But of Charles Reade's genius—to take those two books alone—it may be said that it has better imagined things he never saw than any other writer who, having seen, has described them. Like Shakespeare, Reade took other men's dull descriptions and made them his own, but so transfigured by the light of his genius that they were unrecognizable—except by the original proprietor. He was once accused by a certain writer on Australian travel of having borrowed his ideas. "Not your ideas, my dear sir," was his quiet but significant reply; "but I willingly acknowledge that I am under great obligations to your book." He had made a topic delightful which he had found unreadable.

There are some good critics who think *The Cloister and the Hearth* his best book, just as there are some who place *Esmond* above the other creations of Thackeray, and *Romola* above those of George Eliot; but, for my part, I think the popular judgment in all these cases is the correct one. I grudge the time and pains spent by these authors in the attempt to throw themselves backward into the past, and an impression of effort and unreality seems to me to be given by it. The only novelists who have treated the past as though it were the present—that is, with perfect naturalness as well as *vraisemblance*—are the authors of *Ivanhoe* and *Lorna Doone*.

Other critics, again, would place *Griffith Gaunt* at the head of that great cairn (to be seen for long and from afar) which Charles Reade has built for himself out of his books. That there should be such divergence of view upon such a matter proves how high the average of the man's work has been. For many years, from ill health and from great and increasing deafness, he has withdrawn himself from society; but all who once had the privilege of it remember his kindliness, his unaffected manners, and his stubborn honesty. In some respects he resembled Landor, or, to speak more intelligibly to the present generation, the Landor whom Dickens drew as Boythorn in *Bleak House*. He had the same impatience of opposition, the same power of vituperation, and the same tender and forgiving heart; but his genius was of a far more popular kind than Landor's, and its influence will be far more lasting. Charles Reade has died, like most of his literary brethren, in harness, his novel *A Perilous Secret* being now in course of serial publication in England and America. He has, I hear, finished it, so that it will not need to remain, like Dickens's *Edwin Drood*, Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*, or Thackeray's *Denis Duval*, a fragment which no other hand will have the cunning to complete.

The notices upon Charles Reade's death have been for the most part very grudging and unsatisfactory. It would almost seem that certain journals had not forgotten the contests they have had with him, and in which, notwithstanding the well-known issue of a fight with a newspaper, they did not always carry off the palm of victory. Charles Reade was indeed a hard hitter in controversy (though he never struck below the belt), but that was surely not the chief thing for which he was famous, or which deserves to have the foremost place in his obituary. Perhaps Mr. Besant's recent eulogy of him, in which he somewhat rhapsodically dubbs him "the Master," has set the critics' backs up against the object of such unstinted praise; but they have certainly treated the author of *Never too Late to Mend* as if his works were in want of a good deal of mending. He was accustomed to resent adverse criticism in a personal and very vehement way, and I can not help thinking that some of those gentry whom he used to call "criticasters" and other strange names have taken advantage of their first opportunity of striking without being hit again. A few journals, on the other hand, have gone into the opposite extreme. They state that in Charles Reade we have lost our last great novelist. They used the very same phrase when Trollope left us, and will use it again when Wilkie Collins dies. It is fair to state, however, that for once I have not noticed either of the stock prophecies that "this man will be read when some at present more popular authors shall have been forgotten," or that "posterity will not in his case indorse the verdict of to-day." This forbearance is very creditable, and shows that there are plenty of subjects to write about.

In the lamented Duke of Albany we have lost one of the few literary princes of which the country, or, for that matter, any other, has had to boast. So far as it is possible in these days for literature to be nourished by the sun of royal favor, he nourished it, for his purse and influence were always ready to aid those institutions which are established for its benefit. His liking for men of letters was very marked, and in his association with them there was never the least trace of patronage. His personal friends were for the most part chosen for their merit rather than for any attributes of the courtier, and his loss will be felt by many in a manner very different from that in which the intelligence of royal demises is generally received. He had no difficulty in the assumption of his proper dignity, but he will be longest and best remembered for his culture, and for a hospitality that was as genuine as it was gracious.

In view of the Promised Land of International Copyright, the Great Company of Authors has begun to bestir itself. It has great names to back it, and if it were a bill would find general acceptance. I doubt, however, whether the public will understand its aim and objects, or, having done so, will wholly approve of them. Some of the propositions laid down by the company in its prospectus are indeed most praiseworthy. "To leave no stone unturned to awaken the American nation to a sense of the injustice and iniquity of the present absence of international copyright" will freely be acknowledged to be a good work. "The promotion of a bill for the registration of titles" is a need which nobody, at least, who has ever written a novel, and had to pay fifty pounds for having hit upon a name for it which somebody else has hit on before, is likely to deny; but when we come to the suggestions for "the maintenance of friendly relations between author and publisher," we fear some readers will begin to rub their eyes. What is the necessity, they will naturally ask themselves, of interfering with the usual "freedom of contract"? Literature must be indeed in a "parlous state" if it is reduced to the same condition as Ireland, and requires such "exceptional legislation." Are authors so deficient in commonsense as to require to be told that they should have "a properly drawn up agreement" with their publisher "before proceeding to issue a work," or that they should "take care to understand clearly what rights they sell and what they retain"? I think that the angels are not so very far behind the children of this world in looking after their own interests as all this would appear to imply. There is no harm—and it is very kind of the "company"—to point out the different systems under which a work may be brought out, such as the half-profit, the royalty, and the commission system; but the ignorance which it presupposes in other respects is, to say the least of it, not complimentary to the intelligence of the literary profession. My own experience—which in this matter is considerable—is that an author is as fully competent to make his own bargain as any other person short of an attorney. As to making a forecast of "the probable sale of the book," I venture to think that the humble individual called "a reader"—whose trade it is so to do—is as likely to make as good a prophecy as any "company of authors" upon such a subject. On the other hand, if the new society confined itself to "the aid of young and struggling authors," I have not a word to say against it, except, indeed, that the profession is already very full, and it is to be feared that the offer of such assistance, however well meant, will encourage still more and more incompetent persons to enter into a calling for which nature has not suited them.

The last rumor about the Premier (who is probably more lied about than any other living person) is that he is out of his mind. Strange to say, there is really some excuse, though, of course, no foundation, for this gossip. Reporters have been hanging about Coombe Warren like touts in the neighborhood of a race-course, and they have heard Mr. Gladstone carolling the songs of his youth, like a skylark, in the shrubberies. Of course this seemed a little eccentric, but it is explained by the fact that his physician had directed him to exercise his vocal powers in the open air.

R. Kemble, of London.

THE BENCH SHOW OF 1884.

Books have been written on the thoughts of dumb animals. If somebody could discover what the dogs in a bench show think of the proceedings and the persons who figure in them, he would have material for at least an interesting chapter. It would be valuable, too, as being perhaps the most intelligent estimate of man that could be procured from the brute creation. It seems probable that the dogs generally, big and little, have a confused idea that they and not the persons around them are brought to the show as exhibits. If this be true, the embarrassment and the ill-nature that take possession of the majority of the dogs are accounted for. But the fact that he is on exhibition is not to the intelligent mastiff a sufficient reason why almost every person in a throng of utter strangers should attempt to chuck him familiarly under the chin; nor is the little terrier of high breeding and nervous temperament able to understand why men and women grown should stop in front of her satin-lined box, point their fingers at her, and say, "Dawgy, dawgy," in an idiotic way. Although the majority of those who attend the bench shows in this city wear fashionable garments, and have much to boast of socially, the chances are that they stand anything but high in the estimation of the creatures that view them from the benches.

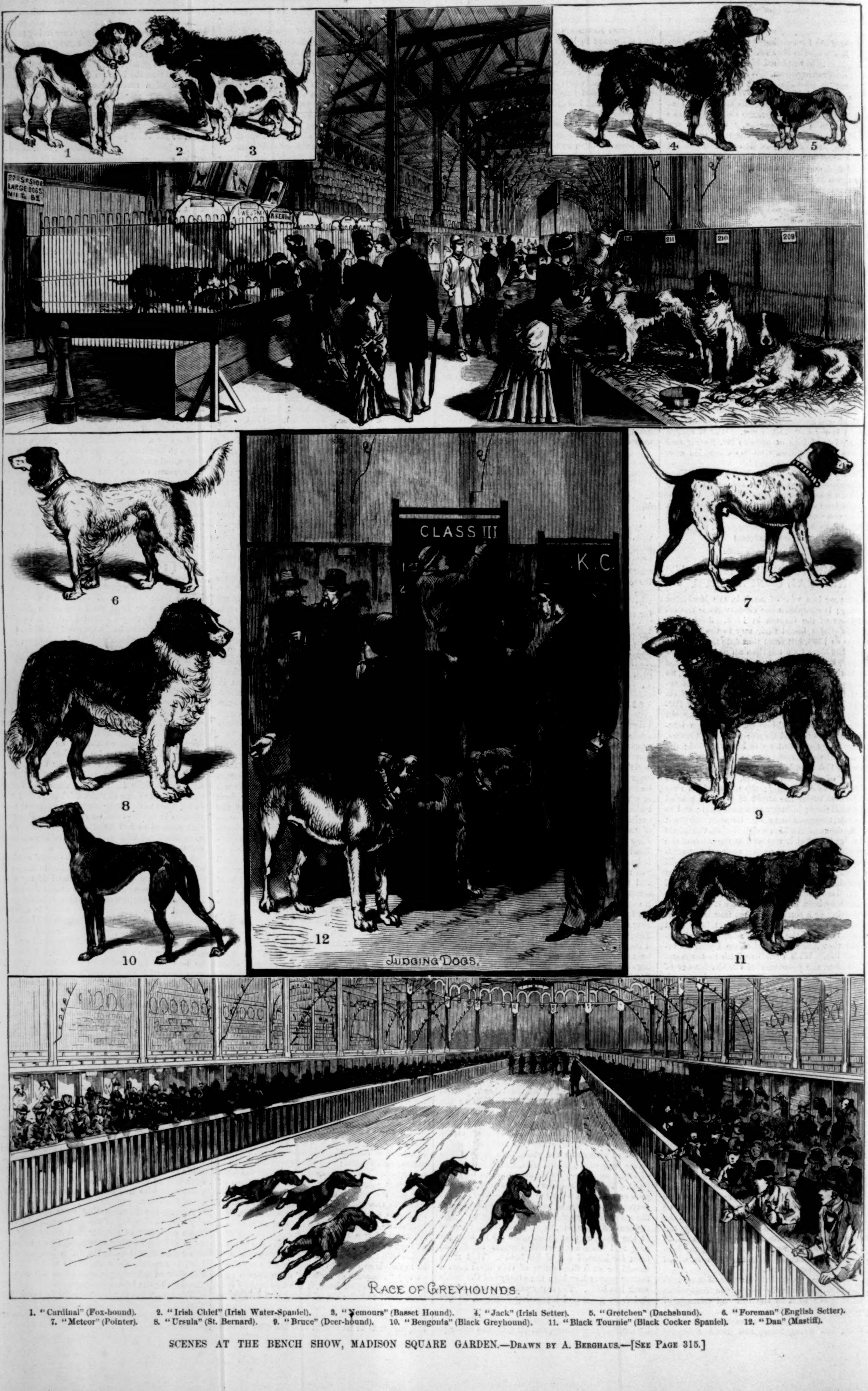
The eighth annual bench show under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, held last week in Madison Square Garden, was more interesting than any previous display. The highest excellence was in the classes of large dogs, a natural result of the growing popularity among fashionable people of field-sports and out-door life generally. The display of creatures that can be only pets was less noteworthy; but such as it was, it indicated beyond question that the pug is to continue the fashionable small dog for at least another season. No such lot of St. Bernards has ever been seen before in America. Big and little, they numbered nearly a hundred. There were almost half a hundred mastiffs, many of them majestic-looking brutes, with fawn-colored coats handsomely marked with black. The display of Berghunds was small but interesting. Of the more common Newfoundlands there were some noble specimens. Conspicuous among the large dogs was the boar-hound from the royal stables at Munich, a smooth-coated, clean-limbed animal of a deep reddish-brown. The head resembles that of the blood-hound, but the eyes have a more kindly expression. It is impossible for a deer-hound to look as though he were not an overgrown specimen of a smaller breed. The long hair on his jaw gives him an unhappy appearance. Of pointers and setters the displays were noteworthy for their numbers and for the quality of the dogs exhibited. The judges were called upon to decide between some famous prize-winners in the field and on the bench. Pedigrees that seemed to run back almost to protoplasm were displayed with some of these blue-blooded creatures.

There was a trifle less than the usual evidence of lavish outlay in preparing suitable boxes for the pets that came under the head of toy dogs. Here and there a pet curled its diminutive self on a rug of fine texture or a cushion of satin hand-painted. The most expensive thing in the way of ornament was a collar of beaten gold studded with precious stones, made for the occasion by a famous house of jewellers. Perhaps two of the reasons for the pug's popularity as a pet are to be found in its substantial build, and in its fitness for wearing the showy harness which takes the place of a simple collar. Another reason is its uniform good-nature. Still another is that it has the fat and comfortable appearance of the bull-dog without having the villainous-looking nose of that ill-favored creature.

It would be something to hear the dog show, even if one could not see it. Maybe this fact accounts for the presence of small boys in considerable numbers outside the Garden walls. The voices of the dogs are of all kinds, from a roar to a squeak. The resultant discord tells of woe. Dogs that bark right merrily when at home howl dismally at the bench show. Pets that yelp spitefully at other times whine piteously whenever their voice is heard in the Garden. It is noteworthy—and it is due to the dogs that it be printed—that the old prize-winners do not contribute to the uproar. A further exception should be made in favor of the collies. "I haven't heard even one of the collies open his mouth," said a gentleman who had been present during nearly all of the show.

Among the features that were novel in this city were the leaping of the greyhounds, in which these creatures of slender and apparently frail build did astonishing things, and the racing of other fleet-footed varieties. The judgment ring for this season's show was made very large, with the view of affording ample room for handling the dogs to the best advantage.

The bench shows are among the favored events that have the sanction of fashionable New York. Very many people of prominence socially are seen at the Garden, and not a few of them are exhibitors.



JUDGING DOGS.

RACE OF GREYHOUNDS.

1. "Cardinal" (Fox-hound). 2. "Irish Chief" (Irish Water-Spaniel). 3. "Nemours" (Basset Hound). 4. "Jack" (Irish Setter). 5. "Gretchen" (Dachshund). 6. "Foreman" (English Setter). 7. "Meteor" (Pointer). 8. "Ursula" (St. Bernard). 9. "Bruce" (Deer-hound). 10. "Bengonia" (Black Greyhound). 11. "Black Tournie" (Black Cocker Spaniel). 12. "Dan" (Mastiff).

SCENES AT THE BENCH SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.—[See Page 315.]

FORESTS ABLAZE—ESCAPING FROM DEVASTATED HOMES.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 319.]

COMING HOME TO ROOST.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

Aunt Beckey was gran'mammy's daughter; forty years old, broad of build, and with a long neck that she used to crane like a giraffe's, until I fancied she could peep over the tree-tops. She was credulous, superstitious, and as timid as a young colt. But she was a loving soul, and had a comfortable lap, and a mellow voice in singing, that endeared her to our selfish little hearts. She had been our nurse when we were babies; second to none save "gran'mammy," who was supreme in the nursery, and unquestioned ruler of our small destinies. After we had grown out of babyhood we liked nothing so well as to be with Aunt Beckey. She was a walking cyclopædia of signs and omens. If a rooster crowed on her door-step, she was miserable; did it not signify death? A whip-poor-will's sad note was a herald of misfortune. It was bad luck to kill a dove or eat a blue jay. She would not break bread in another person's hand, nor begin a piece of work on Friday, nor cut a baby's nails, nor let a candle burn itself out. Great, strong, healthy woman, who would have imagined her to be as full of nerves as a fine lady? She was never ill, except for an occasional touch of rheumatism, which she rather enjoyed, as she was fond of the "bitters" prescribed for her complaint. The "bitters" were home-made, and consisted chiefly of whiskey; though a little harmless "snake-root" and some strips of slippery elm, coiled in the bottom of the huge glass bottle, gave its contents a virtuous and medicinal air.

During the war Aunt Beckey was one of the few old servants who remained faithful to us; and afterward, when things were adjusted according to a new *régime*, my mother engaged her as a laundress. But though receiving wages, Aunt Beckey evidently felt that she belonged to the family, and the family to her, moreover! She called herself by our name, and claimed all of her ancient privileges.

She had always felt herself free to do pretty much as she pleased; and now she knew no change, but jogged on serenely, until a very terrible experience that came near sending the poor old soul to an untimely grave.

Negroes are very fond of playing at religion; and if there is any one thing in which they thoroughly delight, it is a camp-meeting. Shortly after Lee's surrender they decided to celebrate their freedom by a grand *colored* camp-meeting on Cold Water Creek. It was to be the finest kind of a powwow. Tents and sheds were put up, preachers came from all parts of the State, and preparations were made for at least a month of religious high jinks. Aunt Beckey was among the first bitten by the camp-meeting mania. My mother thought her very imprudent to think of going, as the ground was damp from recent rains, and Cold Water Creek a regular ague-trap at the best of times. But Aunt Beckey said, so reproachfully, "Law, Mis' Mary, you ain't a-gwine ter hender me from gittin' religion, is you?" that she withdrew her objections.

Aunt Beckey was gone about a week; when she came back we children rushed to her cabin to hear her account of the proceedings. We found her seated before a fire with her feet in hot water, her head tied up, but with a beatific expression on her honest black face.

"Well, Aunt Beckey, how did everything go off?" said I, forbearing an ungenerous remark on her invalid condition.

"Lor, honey, jes' as fine as any house-warmin' I ever seed. De niggers is worked up dis time if dey never was befo'. De mourners' bench was chock-full night an' day, an' what wid de cryin' an' de prayin' an' de shoutin' an' de singin', it did seem's if we wuz in heaven."

"Were there many there?"

"Bless you, chile, whole *tribes*. Quality and quantity, ole an' young. I tell you de tents looked pretty under de trees, an' sech loads of good eatin' you never see in all your born days. Dis 'll be a blessed time for de niggers, if nothin' evil don't happen."

"I don't know of anything that can happen worse than cramp or pneumonia from the damp ground, or colic or dyspepsia from the high living."

Aunt Beckey shook her head solemnly: "Der's somethin' wuss 'n colic or pneumonia dat we had ter fight aginst."

"What was it? Satan himself?"

"Wuss 'n Satan, I reckon, chile. Who do you think I see at de meetin', leanin' her ugly head agin a tree?"

"Satan's grandmother, perhaps," said I, flippantly.

"Well, chile, it was one of his family. It was ole Sini, de Hoodoo witch."

"Perhaps she wants to be converted."

"Go 'long wid you, Miss Kate! She sarves de devil, she do. She's up ter no good when you see her at a meetin' ob de faithful. She's tryin' ter see how many souls she kin ketch for her marster, an' how many bodies she kin trick."

"Her tricking does not amount to much."

"Dat's all you know about it, you onbelievin' chile. Jes' lemme tell you what I seed wid my own eyes. She was leanin' up aginst a saplin' full o' flutterin' green leaves thick enough ter hide the sauciest mockin'-bird's nest. De mornin' arter I seed her I looked at de same tree, an' it was *blarsted as if de lightenin' had struck it!* De leaves wuz all dyin' or dead, an' whar her wicked ole head had tetched, de very bark was off'n de tree."

"You barked up the wrong tree, Aunt Beckey," said I, laughing. "It couldn't have been the same one."

"I knows what I says, chile. I tell you it give me de cold shivers when I seed her evil eye on me. I jes' dropped right down an' prayed dat de devil might git her, hide an' bones."

"What a wicked prayer, Aunt Beckey!" cried Ruth.

"Hy, Miss Ruthy! Ain't it right ter pray fur de destruction of our enemies?"

"'Bless them that curse you; do good to them that despitefully use you,'" said Ruth, softly.

"And furthermore, Aunt Beckey," said I, laughing, "I have heard Cousin Henry say that in some countries there is a proverb, 'Curses, like chickens, come home to roost.' So look out for yourself. If you have been wishing evil to Aunt Sini, it may fall back on your own head."

Aunt Beckey looked greatly troubled, and a groan escaped her lips.

"Maybe I didn't pray jes' right, an' dat ole nigger will trick me yit. I'm a gone sinner if she do. I feel mighty queer to-night. I've got a creepin' in de spine an' a gwine away in de chist."

"Take a dose of your bitters, and get a good night's sleep," said I, confidently, as became a doctor's daughter, as we rose to say good-night, "and I'll engage that you are all right in the morning."

After tea I repeated what Aunt Beckey had said to the family group in the sitting-room. Cousin Henry, who was making us a visit, listened very attentively to my story. He was not so familiar with the ways of the darkies as we were, as his people lived in the city, with an establishment of trained servants; and he had been away several years receiving his medical education. He was a very clever fellow, rather audacious in his speculations, and tremendously interested in everything of an odd or out-of-the-way nature.

"I hope you did not encourage Beckey in her talk about being tricked," said my father, with a troubled look.

"No, indeed, papa. I only laughed at her."

"I heard something of this when I was a boy," said Cousin Henry, "and always thought I should like to investigate it. What *is* a Hoodoo witch?"

"The priest of the Hoodoo religion, I suppose," said my father; "at least some one who has the inside track of things."

"There is really, then, a Hoodoo religion?"

"Oh yes—though I don't know its tenets, and I'm sure I don't wish to. Only the most ignorant negroes believe in it; yet, strange to say, the most devout Christians among them stand in mortal terror of these priests, and will even attend their repulsive rites and ceremonies, in the fear of being tricked should they turn the cold shoulder."

"How do they manage this tricking business?"

"The most common way is to hide a *fetich* under the victim's door-step, or in his bed."

"What sort of a fetich?" said Henry, who seemed to be fast developing into a little crooked thing that asks questions.

"Either a little wooden image, or a small ball of bedevilment, made up of feathers, rope ends, locks of hair, dead insects, and other objects too disgusting to mention. With these, and the fine spell of an 'evil-eye,' the sorcerers seem to work their sweet will with the negroes who displease them."

"They are such timid beasts, these poor darkies of ours," said Henry.

"Yes; but to think they can be *frightened to death* almost surpasses belief. Yet I have known a strong healthy man 'lay him down and die,' like the fellow in the song, with not a thing on earth the matter with him, except that some Hoodoo demon had 'tricked' him."

"These old Africans understand poisons," said Henry, musingly. "It would be easy enough to impregnate these fetiches with some subtle vegetable poison that would destroy life so slowly as to puzzle the doctors, and yet leave no trace behind."

"In such a case more than one would suffer. No; the whole thing is a mystery."

"Well, there's one consolation," laughed Henry; "if they get 'tricked' now, and die of it, it's their own loss. Their masters won't be out of pocket."

"Perhaps that is why 'tricking' is on the decline," said my father; "you scarcely hear of a case nowadays."

"Well, I do hope nothing will come of Aunt Beckey's case," said my mother, uneasily. "I assure you, Henry, she is just as *dear* to us all as if she represented several thousand dollars. Freedom has chilled neither her heart nor ours."

"May her shadow never grow less!" said the irrepressible Henry.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, Aunt Beckey's niece, Leah, came running in. Leah was a queer little darky, with her hair tied in countless pigtails pointing in every direction, and her eyes continually rolling about like beads in a socket.

"Mars' Charles," said she, "Aunt Beckey done sont me fur you. She want ter see you quick. She's powerful low dis mornin'."

"What's the matter?"

"She *do* say she's been tricked"—in a loud whisper.

"Nonsense!" cried my father, tossing a biscuit at the small messenger. "Tell her I'll be with her in five minutes."

I went with father to Aunt Beckey's cabin. What a change in one night! Her face looked drawn and pinched; her eyes were startled and full of fear.

"Oh, Mars' Charles!" she cried, pitifully, "ole Sini has 'witched me sho' an' sartin', an' I'm full of little snakes!"

"Why, Aunt Beckey, what on earth do you mean?"

"Jes' what I say, Mars' Charles; an' it's God's trufe I'm speakin'. When I saw ole Sini at de camp-meetin' I mistrusted dat she meant ter work me a mischief; an' I kep' away from her jes' as much as I could; fur, as sho'ly as de devil lives an' trimbles befo' de face o' de Lord, dat ole witch 'ooman hez got de *evil-eye*. But I couldn't keep my thoughts off'n her; an' I wuz a-wishin' her evil in my heart all de time."

"Well, Beckey, that was natural enough," said my father, kindly.

"Mebbe it wuz natural," groaned Aunt Beckey; "but, oh! it wuz sinful, an' I am punished fur it, jes' as little missy said I would be."

"Why, what have you to do with this?" said my father, turning to me sternly, to my great alarm.

"I only told her a proverb," faltered I.

"Curses, like chickens, come home ter roost," moaned Aunt Beckey—"come home ter roost! Mebbe if I hadn't been harborin' sech wickedness an' ill-will in my heart, de good Lord would have protected me from her *deperadations* on me. For I'll tell you, Mars' Charles, what happened." And Aunt Beckey half raised herself in bed, and fixed her great black feverish eyes on my father's face.

"Las' night I wuz a-lyin' here, wid my eyes wide open an' all my faculties broad awake, when in come ole Sini, a-slippin' an' a-glidin' like de snake dat she is. I tried ter jump up an' scream, but *she hel' me ter de bed* wid dat witch eye of hern, till I wuz jes' *stagnated*, an' couldn't 'a moved an inch—no, not if it had 'a been ter have slipped my neck from de hangman's noose.

"'Drink dis,' she says, bendin' over me, an' hissin' hot in my ear. An' she hel' out a cup of water, witch water, full o' somethin' like wrigglin' hairs. I knowed dey wuz snakes, but I had no power ter push dat cup away. I jes' drunk it down like a baby, an' from dat minnit I wuz lost. Ole Sini laughed, an' a sort of blue flame busted out all around her, an' dar wus sech a smell of brimstone dat I fainted clean away. When I come to, Sini wuz gone, but dem snakes wuz wrigglin' through me in streaks of pain, an' from dat on, Mars' Charles, I 'ain't had one minnit's peace."

"You should have sent for me, Beckey. I might have given you something to relieve that pain at once. You have evidently taken a violent cold, and your trouble is caused by your old foe, rheumatism. As for the rest, my poor soul, you have had a bad dream. Old Sini couldn't trick you if she wanted to. The good Lord never gave one mortal that power over another."

"And then, papa," cried I, eagerly, "Sini lives on the Weatherly plantation, thirty miles away. She couldn't get here."

"Dey rides through de air," murmured poor Aunt Beckey. "Dey rides on de souls o' lost sinners dat wanders up an' down an' over de earth."

"I won't have that nonsense," said my father, sharply. "Where is your common-sense, Beckey?"

"Snakes! snakes!" cried Aunt Beckey, frantically; and then to our horror the poor creature went off into convulsions, foaming at the mouth, clinching her hands until the nails drew blood, stiffening and relaxing her form, resisting all attempts at quieting her, until forced to yield to the effects of an opiate.

This was the beginning. "And Heaven knows what the end will be!" said my father, his kind face clouded with anxiety.

During the next two weeks three doctors in turn were called in to see Aunt Beckey. Through their skill, perhaps, the attack of pneumonia or inflammatory rheumatism with which she had seemed threatened was warded off; but she grew no stronger. All sorts of remedies were tried in vain. The doctors declared they could do no more for her, and that there was no reason why she should not, as it were, take up her bed and walk. But poor Aunt Beckey! There she lay, tranquil now, sometimes even smiling, saying little, losing flesh daily, looking out on the vanishing world with big solemn eyes glowing strangely in her gaunt face—dying as surely as though Aunt Sini's imagined draught had been in truth the deadly Italian *acqua*, the *introvabile* poison whose traces could never be discovered, though one drop sufficed to kill with slow and nameless torture.

My mother spent hours beside the sufferer, but all her influence was of no avail. Tricked Aunt Beckey was, and tricked she meant to remain, in the teeth of a whole college of physicians or skeptics.

"Don't you know, Aunt Beckey," cried my mother one day, "that what you say is *impossible?*—that snakes can not live in the human stomach?"

"Dey ain't in my stomach, honey, not in *pertikeler*. Dey is everywhar dat feelin' lives, a-curlin', an' a-coilin', an' a-strikin' dar fangs over every part of my po' tormented body."

"Like Ariel, 'flaming amazement' over all the ship," murmured I; for I had just begun to read Shakespeare.

"Dey's in my legs now," continued Aunt Beckey, mournfully; "an' I tell you, Mis' Mary, I'd be willin' fur my legs ter be *cut off*, if I could git red of de snakes dat race from my knees ter my feet."

It was a strange, gloomy time. The place was never so quiet. No more dancing to the banjo's *ting*, nor singing on moonlight nights. The negroes moved about silently, and talked in low, frightened whispers. Every evening the little cabin was filled with visitors from the adjoining plantations, who mourned and sang over Aunt Beckey, I believe, the entire night through. Some of their songs were fine old Methodist hymns, which were rolled out with grand effect; others must have been improvised for the occasion, as for instance:

"Satan's sech a liar,
And a *kunjurer* too;
Ef *you* don't mind,
He'll kunjur you!
Kunjur you—
He will kunjur you!"

During the fourth week of Aunt Beckey's illness my father was called away from home, to be gone some days. But for his absence the audacious piece of roguery I am about to chronicle would never have been attempted, and I should have had no story to tell.

It began with Cousin Henry's persuading mamma to let him take charge of Aunt Beckey's case.

"You know uncle has given her up," he urged.

"True," said my mother, with a sigh; "he told me, the night before he left, that although he believed her disease purely imaginary, yet he had given up all hope of saving her. But what can you do for her, Henry, a mere boy like you, though you *are* a saucy medical student?"

"Fancying myself very wise," laughed Henry. "Go on, Aunt Mary; I know you want a rap at my conceit. But I am not going over the old ground with Aunt Beckey. I fancy the wisdom of the schools has been exhausted in her behalf. I'm so liberal in my views that I've no objection to a bit of quackery, when I can gain a point by it."

"There seems to be only one thing to be said in favor of quacks," remarked my mother, thoughtfully; "they always cure their patients."

"Treason in the home camp!" cried Henry. "What would uncle say to such a speech? But do let me try to help poor old Beckey, aunty dear. If I could save her life, would you object to any means by which that good end came about?"

"How *could* I?" cried my mother. "No, indeed, Henry, if you can help poor Aunt Beckey, God's blessing will be on your effort, and my prayers will go with you every step of the way."

Henry had the grace to blush a little at this, but he skipped off quite cheerfully to Aunt Beckey's cabin. Of course I went with him. Where Henry led I usually followed in those days. What a torment I was, to be sure!

"I'm awfully sorry to see you so ill, Aunt Beckey," he said, cordially.

"Yes, marster, I's mighty bad off," she said, feebly. Poor soul! she talked no more of being tricked. She was tired of telling her story to skeptical ears.

Henry looked at her with perfect gravity. "There has been foul work here," said he; "this is a case of witchcraft."

Aunt Beckey burst into tears. At last she had found some one to believe her. "Oh, Mars' Henry, how come you so wise? You's de fust one—de only one—ter know de trufe."

"'None so blind as those who won't see,'" quoted Henry. "It's as plain to me as the sunlight. You've been *tricked!*"

"Not many days of life left for poor old Beckey," said the interesting victim.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Henry, cheerfully. "I've studied this subject, and I know the ins and outs of it. I've read more books about demons than there are hairs on your head; and I've seen sights to make your heart jump out of your body. With my own eyes I have seen water blazing like a tar barrel on fire; and I have seen a dead man rise in his shroud and thrust out his cold arm as if to seize you."

"Oh, Mars' Henry, hush! it skeers me to hear sech things. Maybe you're a Hoodoo witch yourself."

"*How can you think such a thing?*" shouted Henry. "No! I am the bitterest enemy the Hoodoos have; and I know how to come up with all their tricks."

"Maybe you can help me," said Aunt Beckey, timidly.

"Of course I can. I would have offered to do it long before, but these grand doctors were so sure they could cure you. But mind, Aunt Beckey, if I take you in hand you must obey me in *everything*. The least slip in following my directions might prove fatal."

"Try me! try me!" she cried, eagerly. "Oh, Mars' Henry, you can't tell me nothin' too hard ter do; fur I ain't ready yit—de good Lord knows I ain't—ter cross beyond de swellin' floods."

Henry drew a hideous little wooden image from his pocket, and gave it to Aunt Beckey with the injunction that she should wear it over her heart night and day. "It is a very powerful *fetich*," said he, "and will protect you from any future harm."

Then he turned to gran'mammy, who stood by, with a gleam of hope brightening her face, and told her to kill a white chicken just as the moon rose, and make a strong broth for Aunt Beckey.

"Put plenty of red pepper and rice in it," said he, "and feed her *exactly one pint* every three hours; not a spoonful more or less, or I can't answer for the consequences. To-morrow I shall call at the same hour, and I will see to the snakes that have caused you so much trouble. I suppose you are willing to suffer some pain in order to get them out of your system?"

"Yes, Mars' Henry, God knows I'm willin' ter suffer anything." And Aunt Beckey closed her lips with the air of a martyr.

That afternoon my cousin and my small brother Sam went hunting. On their return I noticed that Sam carried a small oblong box in his hand; but he would not tell us what it held.

The next day, at dusk, Cousin Henry led the way to Beckey's cabin, followed by mother, Ruth, Sam, and myself. Aunt Beckey looked better and brighter. She declared that she felt strength flowing into her from the little wooden idol that she held clasped tightly to her bosom. And it did not occur to the good simple soul that the chicken soup might be responsible for this new-born strength. The back yard was densely packed with negroes, but not one was allowed to enter. Inside the cabin the scene was worthy of a painter. The primitive lamp—an iron bowl of lard-oil, with a wick floating on the surface—burned with a black smoke above the flame, and cast strange, flaring, hobgoblin shadows on the whitewashed walls. Henry drew a chalk circle in the middle of the floor, marking inside of

it ridiculous designs, which it pleased him to call cabalistic. Then he swung a lighted censer, chanted a Latin hymn, and was withal so grave that even I dared no longer smile, though the pungent odor of the incense set me sneezing.

Aunt Beckey's dark figure lay motionless on the bed; but her great hollow eyes followed Henry's every motion with painful eagerness, until at a signal from the impromptu doctor my mother stepped forward and tied a cool bandage across the hot lids.

Gran'mammy bared her daughter's swollen rheumatic limbs, and Henry rubbed them gently for about half an hour. Then he said: "I find, Aunt Beckey, that the snakes are now all in the right leg. The *fetich* has troubled them so much that they are trying to get out. The only thing to do is to cut open the foot, and they will drop out of themselves. Are you willing?"

"Go on," said Aunt Beckey.

"Stand back, all of you!" cried Henry. "No one must come near me but Sam. He must hold the basin."

I saw a twinkle in the small boy's eye, and I crept pretty near myself, unrebuked by my absorbed cousin. He pierced the foot with a sharp lancet, and the blood flowed freely. The light was so dim that for all my efforts I could not quite see what was going on. But I noticed that Sam held the oblong box in one hand, and from time to time an exclamation from one of this precious pair—"There is another!" "Don't let it get away!" "Four, is it?" or some such significant cry—set us all quivering with excitement.

"That is all," said Henry at last. "She is saved."

He bound up the foot, and took the bandage from Aunt Beckey's eyes.

"Fetch another light," he said, quietly.

Then he held the basin so that she could examine its contents, and there were at least six wicked-looking little snakes. "Those who have eyes to see, let them see," said that wretched Henry, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash.

I can hear Aunt Beckey's scream of joy to this day. Then how she wept! What blessings she called down on the head of the arch impostor! What shouts of "Glory! glory!" resounded through the little room! How the darkies outside took up the strain, and all night long praised the Lord in singing and in prayer!

As for my dear mother, she was so divided between indignation and laughter that she had to hurry away. She was so conscientious that she could not reconcile herself to such a tremendous fraud as that which Henry had practiced; and yet when she saw our dear old Aunt Beckey fast getting well, how could she help being grateful to the clever and mischievous boy who had brought it about?

My father heard the story with an unmoved face. "Lucky I was not here, you young rascal," he remarked.

"Lucky for Aunt Beckey," said Henry, dryly.

Certainly Aunt Beckey did get well, and appeared better in mind and body for her strange experience. She has not been tricked since, thanks perhaps to the fetich that she wears like an amulet over her heart, or to the charitable prayers that she is in the habit of offering for Aunt Sini.

"No mo' curses shell come home ter roost on *my* head," she says, with slow, solemn words; "fur I bless an' I curse not, an' I pray fur dem dat 'spitefully uses me; an' dis I shall do forevermo', as long as I live on de earth, an' my name is Beckey Bonner."

THE SOUDANESE AND EGYPT.

The Soudan embraces a wide extent of country above Syene and the first cataract of the Nile. It is chiefly a desert, and its inhabitants the wild robbers of the desert—the Arab tribes. It is the same race that under its Alis and Tariks ravaged all southern Europe ten centuries ago, and in the recent battles with the Egyptians and the English the Soudanese fanatics have shown the same fearless courage that awed and conquered the degenerate Greeks and Goths. One Mohammedan soldier would attack a whole company of Egyptians, and drive them before him; and in the recent victory of the English, three Soudanese withstood a large body of cavalry, and the Moslem saints, confident of invincibility, or fancying themselves invulnerable, stood boldly before a rain of bullets, and fell at the front. It is a remarkable display of the strength of fanaticism, and the savage cruelty with which the Soudanese massacred the unresisting Egyptians is another proof of its terrors. They stabbed the poor victims as they lay shrieking in horror on the sand.

Always treacherous and dangerous, these Egyptian Arabs are painted to us by a succession of travellers. Norden, who penetrated to the first cataract in 1737, was in constant danger from them. Haeckel, as recently as 1881, was twice insulted by Moslem fanatics in Cairo. Fear is the only law the savages know; civilization has never reached them; they still watch for the plunder on helpless travellers, and live like bands of robbers eager for their prey. Egypt is inclosed by deserts on all sides, and the followers of El Mahdi have an easy access to it. Fortunately the English seem to have checked the savage inroad, and the treasures of art and the monuments of history that line the banks of the Nile are, for the present at least, safe.

The Soudanese deserts offer no temptations to the emigrant or the traveller. In climate these burning sands, as we are used to think of them, are as variable and dangerous as any land farther north. The winter wind at night often brings with it a fearful chill. In the open Sahara the mercury has sunk at times to 6° Fahrenheit. At Khartoom ice and hoar-frost are not unusual. The sudden cold, sharp, keen, and pitiless, after days of intense heat, is almost unendurable. Falconberg, a recent traveller, recommends every one who visits the Nubian deserts in winter to bring with him his warmest furs. Summer comes with an intense and sickening heat; the dry sand burns the traveller's feet; the thermometer rises to 110° or 115°; at night the rugs, the hair, and the camel's back sparkle in the dry air with electricity. The simoom, laden with sharp sand heated like coals of fire, cuts the skin. The wells of the desert, fed from subterraneous springs, become foul and muddy, the sources of malaria, and are covered with the filth of caravans. It is almost certain death to drink from some of them. Venomous insects and snakes abound, and huge spiders and centipedes haunt the tents of the sleepers. It is not a pleasant land. But there is another and fertile Soudan, Baker Pasha tells us, along the banks of the Atbara and the Upper Nile, that may be of great value in the future. The Atbara, sweeping away the hills of Ethiopia, is the chief source of the rich deposits of the river. Since 1874 Egypt has embraced the whole Nile basin from the equator to the sea.

At the entrance to the Soudan appear some of the finest of the Egyptian monuments; Philæ is at the portal, and Abou Simbel, with its four majestic statues, not far beyond. Nubia was safe from the Arabs in the days of Rameses II., and no one thought of giving it up to them. Its river is rich in remains; from the solitary obelisk that marks alone the deserted site of Heliopolis, past the Pyramids, the Serapeum, Memphis and its mound and lake, Denderah and Karnak, the miles of tombs, the countless temples and buried cities, the panorama of the Nile closes with the matchless figures of Rameses and his rock temple at Abou Simbel. How long would Philæ or Abou Simbel remain unhurt beneath the rule of the savages of the desert? Already even the twin colossi have suffered from the fanaticism and barbarity of the Mohammedans. It is from them that Egypt has suffered most. Abd Allateef, about 1203, upbraids his countrymen for their folly in destroying the famous works of art. "They mutilate the faces," he cries in shame; "they made openings and dug holes in the stones," thinking only of gold. The modern Arabs use the finest statues for millstones or lime, and even Memnon is said to be in danger.

Under a protectorate of the nations alone can the treasures of Egypt be preserved. And it may be hoped that a happier future awaits its oppressed people. It was the first school-house; it gave the world an alphabet; it was the home not only of the first conquerors, but of the first students.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE "NOURMAHAL."

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR'S new steel yacht *Nourmahal*, of which we give a picture on page 320, was launched at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 3d inst. She is said to be the largest pleasure vessel ever built, and is to be fitted up with the utmost elegance. Her dimensions are: length, 232 feet 8 inches; extreme breadth, 30 feet; extreme depth, 20 feet.

It is said that MR. ASTOR is very desirous that the *Nourmahal* shall be in commission by the August cruise of the New York Yacht Club, and in obedience to his wishes the company will doubtless have her ready for that event. Late next fall or in the winter the *Nourmahal* will cross the Atlantic with her owner. Her coal-carrying capacity will be about three hundred tons, and she is to be bark rigged.

FORESTS ABLAZE.

THE fierce flames that swept the forests in various parts of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania late in April and early in May were very destructive. Many square miles of woodland were burned over, houses destroyed, and one town at least completely cleaned out, and, worse than all, several lives were lost.

In the region of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, the mountain fires raged furiously for nearly a fortnight. The town of Tamaqua was surrounded on all sides by the flames, and wrapped in dense smoke. Several houses in the western end were set on fire, and only the hardest kind of work on the part of the firemen saved the place.

All along the valley from Scranton to Carbondale, a distance of sixteen miles, the hamlets built in the clearings were threatened with destruction. At Jermyn, a short distance from Carbondale, is situated a branch of the Moosic Powder Company's works, and the employés at the mills fought the flames the greater portion of a day. A strong wind was blowing, and soon after three o'clock in the afternoon a storm of sparks was driven against the buildings, and a terrific explosion ensued, involving the destruction of the corning and glazing mills. A workman in trying to escape ran against a blazing piece of wood, was stunned, fell, and perished in the flames. The shook of the explosion was terrific, and shook most of the towns along the valley.

A fire which broke out in the village of California, a small lumbering station on the Bear Creek branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, at one time threatened the destruction of the town of White Haven, seven miles distant; but a large gang of Hungarians by heroic efforts succeeded in quenching the flames after eleven houses and two small bridges had been burned.

The little hamlet known as Gilman's Depot, eighteen miles from Port Jervis, was entirely destroyed. Forests all about had been burning for several days with great fury, and on the morning of May 2 the dense smoke sweeping over Gilman's from the west warned the residents of fire in the immediate vicinity. Messrs. ALFRED and W. W. GILMAN, the former the manager of the mills, sent all the mill hands into the woods to fight the flames, but their efforts were unavailing, the fire sweeping onward, and compelling the inhabitants of the village to flee for their lives, leaving all their property behind them. One man, who afterward escaped, stood in a mill-pond an hour, with the fire roaring around him on all sides.

South of Matawan, in New Jersey, between four and five thousand acres were devastated. The loss is placed at nearly $50,000. The fire, it is asserted, originated from the careless burning of brush by one of the wealthy farmers, and the losers by it will try and hold him responsible. The huckleberry crop, which usually brings hundreds of dollars to the poor people, is entirely destroyed. The smoke was very thick. There were also fires on Long Island, but the damage was not very great. Fortunately heavy rains set in, and the flames generally were extinguished.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

THIS able and distinguished lawyer, well known for his active participation in the Southern Confederacy, died in Paris on the 7th inst. He had been in failing health since his fall from a street car in that city about four years ago.

MR. BENJAMIN was born in San Domingo, in 1812, of Jewish parents, who four years later settled in Savannah, Georgia. He was educated at Yale, and in 1831 removed to New Orleans, where he soon attained distinction as a lawyer, and became prominent as a politician. His early associations were with the Whig party, which he left while a member of the United States Senate, and thereafter acted with the Democrats. On the outbreak of hostilities in the South MR. BENJAMIN was appointed Acting Secretary of War for the Confederacy, but soon resigned the position for that of Secretary of State, which he retained until the close of the war. After the capture of MR. DAVIS he made his escape by way of Key West and the Bahamas, and at length settled in London, where he attained high distinction as a lawyer and advocate.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE wooded north shore of Long Island, far out toward Montauk Point, has suffered very severely from the recent forest fires. It is asserted that the fires were started by cinders from the locomotives. With the exception of some points on the north shore, there is no region within a hundred miles of New York which is proving more attractive to wealthy New-Yorkers of quiet tastes than the shores of the chain of bays which ends at the Shinnecock Hills. Many old homesteads have been bought by residents of the city, and many handsome new villas have been built on points overlooking bay and ocean. The water view is the chief element of beauty in the locations, for the land stretches back in wastes made pleasing to look upon only by the growth of pines and underbrush. When the land is burned over and blackened, the picture is no longer beautiful. It seems as though it would be for the interest of the railroad company to muzzle its locomotives.

Each death in the Chinese quarter of New York is reported to the coroners the same as though the deceased person had died without medical attendance. The Chinese doctors are not recognized by the authorities as physicians.

Something new in the way of insurance is the scheme of a company that proposes to furnish bonds for persons holding places of trust in which the giving of sureties is necessary. Since the integrity of one honest man may be better established than that of another, there will be various rates charged by the company for assuming responsibility for defalcations, and thus a sort of market value of uprightness will be determined. It may be presumed that the premium for surety for a person of unquestioned integrity will be merely nominal, while high rates will be charged in the case of officials appointed as the result of a compromise between the politicians of the several "halls," for instance, in this city. The company's tables of risks must be interesting.

For weeks the Signal Service observer on Pike's Peak was snowed in, and the wires communicating with the rest of the world were not in working order. It was not known whether he had sufficient provisions and fuel, and there was a chance of his being made helpless by sickness though his supplies were abundant. A relief expedition was at last organized, and it made its way through the snows to the signal station. The rescuers found the observer in the best of health, but a trifle lonesome. He ought to know as well as anybody how much company there is in the click of a receiving instrument.

The growth of the Salvation Army is opening a new field for the Jenkins of the press. He must be of a sentimental turn or he will not rise to the occasion. Recently at an "army" wedding in Poughkeepsie the bride wore a flaming red jersey and a "hallelujah Alpine bonnet"—whatever that may be.

Rats are becoming very numerous on the Brooklyn Bridge. When the buildings were torn down to make room for the arches, the cats which had lived in the razed houses hung around the masonry, ate the remnants of the laborers' dinners, and refused to go away. They lived on the bridge till it was opened to the public, but the cars and the crowd seem to have at last frightened them off. Perhaps the rats took to the bridge in the same way, and in the absence of the cats are becoming bold.

From the postmaster at Nutt, New Mexico, the Postmaster-General recently received a notice as follows: "Our town is gone to the 'Sweet By-and-By'—only one family left. I respectfully resign my position as postmaster here. Westward the star of empire takes its way, also the P. M."

The somewhat remarkable announcement has been made to his colleagues and to the country by a member of the House of Representatives that he desires the officers of the United States Navy "to fish for distinction in the limpid lakes and clear-running streams of their native land, and not go bobbing for eels in the muddy waters of despotism." This statement was a part of his speech in opposition to a resolution permitting an ensign to accept a decoration from the Emperor of Austria for having rescued some Austrian sailors who were drowning.

The Chinese are not given to exaggeration. "Melican man him thlew pebble, blake Yong Sing window," said a complainant in Justice White's court.

"How big was the pebble?" his honor asked.

"'Bout seve'teen pound," said Yong Sing.

A striking picture of tramp life in this city was unfolded by the recent arrest of "Denny the Rover," the chief of a band of itinerants. Down by the North River, under the brow of Washington Heights, are two immense blast chimneys. The glow that hangs over them at night can be seen for miles up and down the river. Around these chimneys the band of Denny the Rover had their head-quarters during the winter. By means of a ladder of ingenious construction the tramps ascended at night-fall to the iron scaffolds on the sides of the chimneys, and there, with their backs against the hot bricks, they passed the night. At daybreak they were up and doing. It is perhaps just as well not to ask what they were doing; but the chickens and other delicacies which were on hand at breakfast-time were usually sufficient for a satisfactory repast. The cooking was done to the queen's taste on the glowing slag that had been run into gullies in the course of the night. After breakfast came pipes and the daily pow-wow, at which the good of the colony was considered under the direction of Denny. Thus there are wide differences in the conditions of tramp life even. Contrast the life of Denny's band with that of the tramps who drink stale beer in Bottle Alley. But Denny and about thirty of his men are at present on Blackwell's Island, and the camp at the blast furnace is temporarily deserted.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE.

MIKE. "Faith, Pat, this is the great counthry, sure! We had wanst only the Dutch an' the Nagurs to foight, but now we can whip all the nations av the worruld widout laving New York. There's haythen Chinee, an' Italians, an' French, an' Hungarians, an' Poles, an' Shwades, an' between whiles an Arab or a Turk. Be jabers, but it's a perfect Paradise. Hooroo!"

THE LATE DR. GROSS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.

SAMUEL D. GROSS, M.D.

ANOTHER eminent physician has followed Dr. WILLARD PARKER to the grave. Dr. SAMUEL D. GROSS, after an illness of several weeks, died in Philadelphia on Tuesday, May 6, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. His life was that of a great public teacher. After graduating at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and some years of practice at Easton, he became Professor of Pathological Anatomy in Cincinnati College, Ohio, in 1835, Professor of Surgery in the University of Louisville in 1840, and succeeded Dr. MOTT in the University of New York in 1850. He remained in this city only a short time, and returned to Kentucky, where he continued to lecture till his appointment in 1856 to the Chair of Surgery at Jefferson College, his *alma mater*, which office he held with the highest honor till within the last two years. He was throughout his long life a constant contributor to medical literature, and his writings take high rank among our standard medical works. His *System of Surgery* has passed through many editions, and forms a complete encyclopædia of the art. His other productions are too numerous to mention, the chief being *Elements of Pathological Anatomy, Manual of Military Surgery, Diseases of the Bones and Joints, Results of Surgical Operations in Malignant Diseases*, and an *American Medical Biography*. He was for many years editor of the *American Medico-Chirurgical Review*, and published a *Report on the Causes which Retard the Progress of American Medical Literature*.

Dr. GROSS enjoyed the highest reputation abroad as well as at home. He was an English D.C.L. as well as an American LL.D., a member of the Medical Society of Vienna, of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and of the British Medical Association, and was in 1867 elected President of the American Medical Association. In 1879, on the fifty-first anniversary of his beginning practice, he was presented by one hundred of our most eminent medical men with a gold medal as a token of respect. In his speech in reply to the donors he said: "I console myself with the thought that I have not lived wholly in vain. I have been true to my profession; I have been ambitious of its glory; I have done nothing to tarnish its escutcheon."

Since retiring from his chair at Jefferson College, Dr. GROSS has led a retired life, full of years and honors. In accordance with his expressed wish, his body has been cremated. The funeral services took place at Philadelphia on the 7th, and immediately afterward the remains were taken to the Lemoyne Crematory, at Washington, Pennsylvania.

Great as was Dr. GROSS'S faith in the practice of his profession, it will be as a writer he will be longest remembered. The seed which he has sown has produced good fruit, and the example he set of unceasing industry and unselfish devotion to his profession can not fail to have impressed all who came into contact with him. "Perseverance," he said, "overcomes all difficulties," and his career is a proof of how well and nobly he lived up to this maxim.

THE LATE JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

TURPENTINING.

To the dweller in the vast piny woods of the South Atlantic States the yellow pine bears much the same relation that the bamboo does to the Chinaman, or the palm to a native of South America. From it he builds his house and fences, and constructs his rude furniture, carts, and farming implements. Its light-wood knots serve him in place of gas, kerosene, or coal, furnishing both light and fuel. He hews it into squared timbers or railroad ties, saws it into lumber, and, above all, extracts from its sap spirits of turpentine, resin, pitch, and tar, which he exchanges for all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life.

The manufacture of naval stores, under which general head are classed all the resinous products of the yellow pine, was formerly confined almost exclusively to North Carolina, where it was prosecuted so extensively as to attach to the inhabitants of that State the name of "Tar Heels." As the old territory became exhausted, the industry gradually moved southward, through South Carolina into Georgia, where it now centres, and from whence is derived more than half of the entire supply. It has also invaded northern Florida, where the State convicts are now employed in "turpentining," much to their own disgust, for they prefer the railroad construction on which they have been kept at work for some years past.

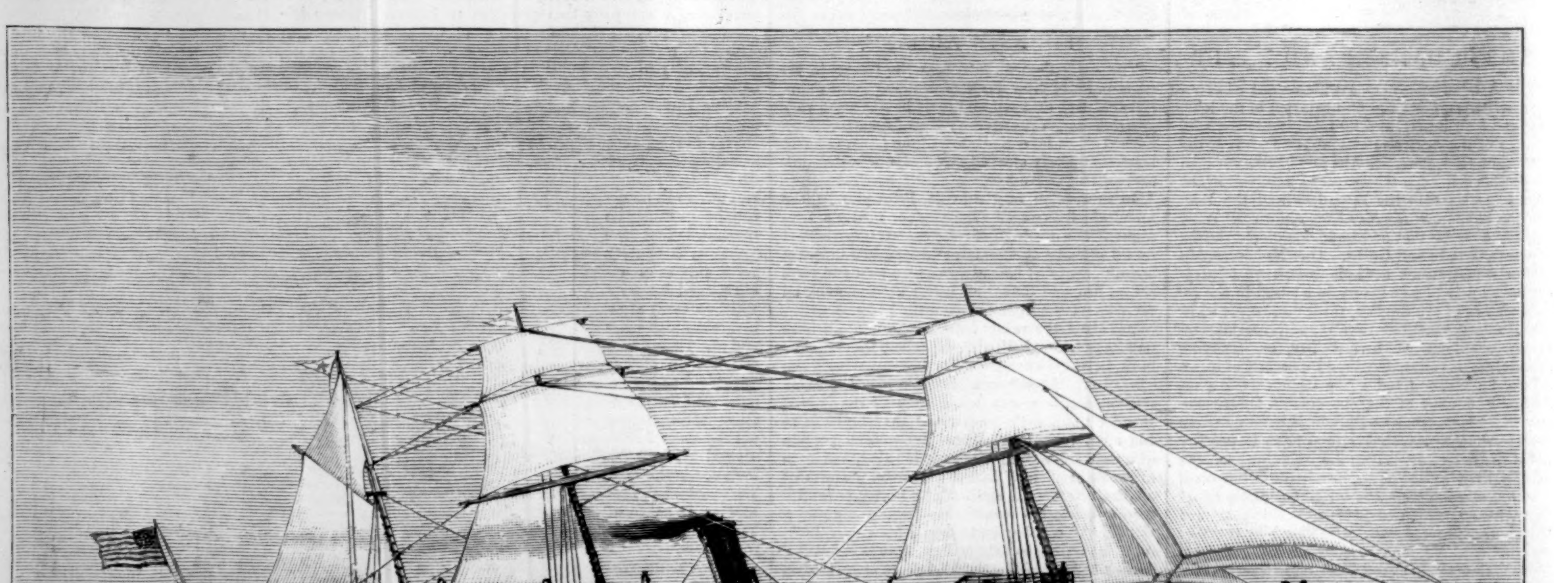
As the extraction of turpentine does not unfit the trees for lumbering, and as the success of both saw-mills and turpentine stills depends upon a ready transportation to market of their products, they are often found in close proximity, and sometimes under the same management.

Outside of those located on the banks of navigable rivers, the largest saw-mills and turpentine stills in Georgia are found along the lines of the Central, the Savannah, Florida, and Western, and the Brunswick and Albany railroads. As the new and flourishing city of Waycross, at the junction of the two last-named roads, is one of the important centres of the industry, it was here that information was sought concerning "turpentining." With such courtesy were the writer's inquiries received that he soon found himself seated on a railroad tricycle, accompanied by a guide similarly mounted, and rattling along at a merry pace over the rails, through the solemn pine forest, toward the Satilla River. On its southern bank, five miles from Waycross, is located the great Reppard Mill, one of the finest and largest in the South. That this mill is turning out one hundred thousand feet of lumber per day, and that within a radius of twenty miles around it there is enough standing timber to supply it for the next fifty years, argues well for the prosperity of the Southern lumber trade for some time to come.

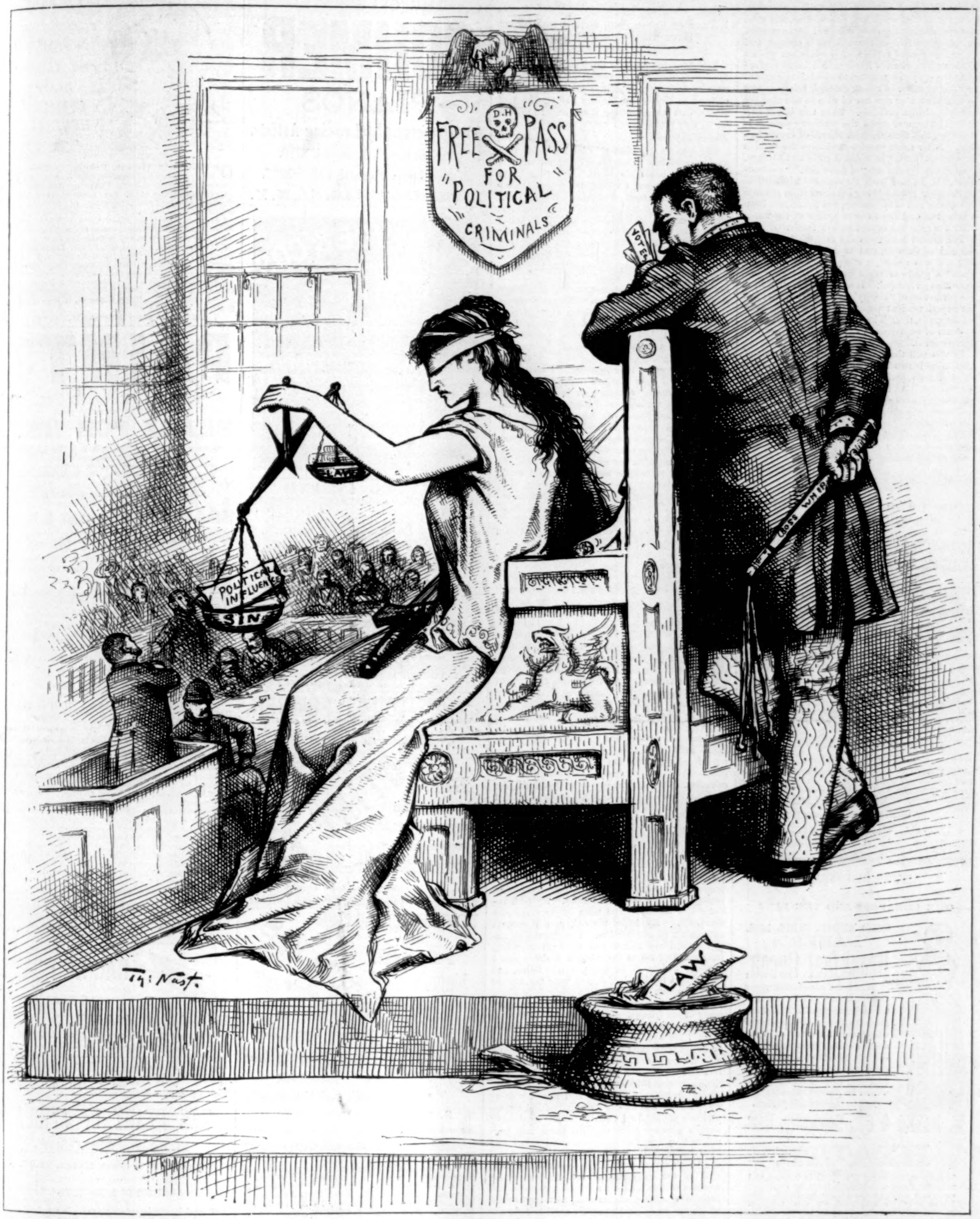
Near this mill was found a turpentine still in full operation, rapidly converting into naval stores the sap of thousands of trees, which were afterward to be sawed into lumber. While the mill was surrounded by a village of small dwelling-houses, shops, forges, and a large store for its hundreds of employés, forming thus a thriving settlement in the heart of what two years ago was an unbroken wilderness, the still had also its own cluster of cabins and store-houses, and its own commissary department.

When a capitalist decides to invest his money in "turpentining" he selects an "orchard," leases the forest from the owner of the land at about ten cents a tree, for five, ten, or fifteen years, locates his "plant," and is ready to begin operations. While the still is being erected, the trees are tapped, or "boxed," by skillful axe-men who are experts in this peculiar branch of woodcraft, and by the time the still is ready for business a quantity of turpentine with which to supply it has been collected. The "box" is a receptacle cut from the trunk of the tree about eighteen inches from its base, and will contain a quart of the "gum" which exudes into it. Most trees can be "boxed" in two places, many in three, and some very large ones in four; but between each two boxes a strip of bark must be left to sustain the life of the tree. The instrument with which the boxes are cut is a long, narrow, and very keen-edged axe especially adapted to the purpose. Just above the box are made two cuts in the bark in the shape of the letter V, and from these the sap at first flows freely. The boxer receives one and a half or two cents per box, and if he is expert can cut from two hundred and fifty to three hundred per day. Ten thousand five hundred boxes form a "crop," and sixteen crops are required to supply a still of ordinary capacity. A "crop" covers from three hundred to five hundred acres, according to the density of the growth.

Following the "boxers" come "dippers" and "chippers," the former of whom collect the gum from the boxes, with round iron ladles, into buckets. When a bucket is full it is emptied into a barrel, of which numbers are placed at regular intervals through the woods. One dipper has charge of two crops, and empties every box in them once every four weeks.



THE "NOURMAHAL"—MR. WILLIAM ASTOR'S NEW YACHT.—DRAWN BY F. C. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 319.]



THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE OF JUSTICE.

THE CIVIL COURTS MUST BE EMANCIPATED FROM UN-CIVIL POLITICS.

"Chippers" are those who make fresh incisions in the bark of the trees when gum has ceased to flow from the old cuts. In chipping the V shape of the bark is preserved, and a section of about an inch in width is removed each time. The chipping instrument is termed a "hack," and is similar to that used in marking casks or dry-goods boxes, but is provided with a five-pound weight at the end of the handle, which, as all the strokes of the "hack" are downward, adds materially to the force of the blow. One man will chip a crop in a week, and so familiar do both the chippers and dippers become with the appearance of the thousands of trees under their charge, that they are never known to make mistakes, or visit one out of its regular rotation. This appears marvellous to the stranger, to whom all the trees look alike, and who can distinguish no indicating signs amid the dead monotony of the woods. The wonderful perception by which, without a moment's reflection, any one tree can be selected from amid ten thousand apparently exactly like it, and its condition accurately described, is akin to the most delicate instinct of wild animals.

Each of these three classes of woodsmen has a certain task allotted him to be finished within the week, and until it is completed he must remain in the woods on his particular crop; but when through with it he may come in to the settlement surrounding the still, and remain there until Monday morning. While in the woods he sleeps and stores his provisions in a hut of poles or slabs covered with earth, which often resembles the burrow of a wild animal more than a human habitation. These little huts, in all stages of dilapidation, may be seen here and there among the trees along most lines of Southern railways; and often for many miles they are the only objects that relieve the weary monotony of the flat pine forests, and attract the eye of the passenger from the car window. The occupant of one of these primitive shelters receives fifty cents per day for his labor, and a ration of a peck of corn-meal, five pounds of bacon, and a quart of syrup per week. Should he desire to vary or add to this meagre bill of fare he must do so at his own expense.

The still consists of a huge iron caldron, beneath which is a brick furnace. From the copper cap of the caldron a large neck enters a tank of water, where it becomes a worm, extending spirally to the bottom. A charge of turpentine is placed in the caldron, and, as it melts, the chips, sticks, leaves, etc., are removed with a coarse wire skimmer, and thrown into the furnace, where they produce an intense heat. As soon as the turpentine begins to boil, the cap is fastened down, all crevices are chinked with clay, and a small stream of water from the tank is directed into it. The steam rising from this boiling mixture passes through the cap and into the worm, where it condenses, and from which it flows a colorless liquid. It is received in a cask placed at the bottom of the tank, where it immediately separates into its component parts—water and pure spirits of turpentine. The latter, being much the lighter, remains on top, is dipped out with a gallon measure, and poured into a barrel the interior of which has previously received a coating of melted glue.

By occasionally examining a tumblerful of the fluid as it passes from the tank the superintendent of the still discovers when all

spirits have been extracted from the turpentine, stops the flow of water into the caldron, and soon afterward orders the charge drawn. An iron cock on the lower side of the caldron is opened, and an amber-colored stream of liquid resin gushes forth, and distributes itself over a broad surface of fine copper wire netting, to which it is confined by wooden sides. Passing through this, it is met by another net or strainer of wire so fine that the mesh is almost invisible. Even this is not sufficiently fine, and again the straining process is repeated, this time through sheets of cotton batting. After these careful strainings the resin is drawn into barrels, in which it cools and hardens.

Resin is graded as "water-white," "window-glass," N, M, and back through the alphabet to A, the finer grades being obtained from the first few weeks' run of turpentine, and the coarser from a later run and from the scrapings of the boxes after the gum has ceased to flow freely.

The season lasts from the first of March until the end of October, and in April, when this Satilla still was visited, it was producing "window-glass" a grade of resin as clear and as transparent as gum-copal. It seemed as though in it the perfection of "clarity" had been reached; but the superintendent assured us of the existence of a finer grade, though he admitted that in his twenty years of experience in "turpentining" he had never seen it.

In this still the product of thirteen barrels of turpentine is two barrels of spirits of turpentine, eight of resin, and enough "resin chips" to feed the furnace. As four charges can be drawn during the day, each day's product of a still of average capacity is eight barrels of spirits and thirty-two of resin.

Tar is produced by the slow combustion of light-wood or very resinous pine in a kiln, and pitch by the melting of inferior grades of resin.

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No sooner did Blackwell & Co. secure the confidence of all smokers by the purity and excellence of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut, than a swarm of imitators arose to palm off inferior tobacco as Durham. The name is very taking, and its use will deceive novices, unless they make sure that the Durham Bull is on the tobacco they buy.—[*Adv.*]

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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A WOMAN'S WOES.

A TALE OF SUFFERING, WITH A SEQUEL OF HAPPINESS.—SOME DOMESTIC EXPERIENCES.

THE following letter to the Kansas City *Times* describing the striking, almost dramatic, experience of an American lady is so interesting, and pictures so clearly the feelings and emotions of others, that we reproduce it entire. It will be found very readable and instructive:

Messrs. Editors:

Did I not know that this land is filled with women who are unhappy and cannot tell the reason, are miserable when they have every reason to be joyous, I should not venture to address you this letter. I believe, however, I can offer some suggestions that will be valuable to all women and invaluable to many. When I was fifteen years old I presume I was happier and healthier than most girls in America to-day. I hardly knew what pain was except by hearsay. But the situation changed suddenly and severely. I became aware that something was undermining my life. I felt strange sensations that would come and go and then return with greater power than before. My side pained me at times, and again I would feel a dull aching between the shoulders. I had darting pains through my temples and a pressure on top of my head. I lost sleep, appetite, and flesh, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I know that the feelings I then had are not an uncommon occurrence among women, both young and old, but I did not realize what it meant at that time, and so was careless—with what results will appear. From then until within the past two years I have seen but few comfortable days, and I am now fifty-five years old.

A few years after the events above stated my heart began to trouble me. At times I would feel acute darting pains and a gurgling as if water was forming. My entire right side enlarged, and I felt sharp cutting pangs through my lungs and around my shoulder-blades. I could only breathe in catches or gasps, and then with the greatest effort. I was without appetite one day and the next very hungry, but always constipated. During all those years I did not know what these troubles meant, nor did I realize how terribly they must end. Of course I tried to overcome them; consulted doctors and used remedies, but it was of no avail. My troubles increased with the years; I had a severe pain in the small of the back; my teeth became loosened; my tongue swelled to twice its natural size; my gums were like sponges, bleeding freely at times, and my lungs and nose both bled on different occasions. At that time I felt cold chills running up my back, and I constantly expectorated a brown mucous substance that was very offensive. The fluids I passed were frequently like bloody milk, and then again almost solid albumen. For thirty years I did not know what it was to be free from headache. Occasionally I would have a feeling of suffocation followed by hot flashes and a profuse perspiration. God only knows what I suffered, for I cannot describe it. I only know that I existed and that my tired life was ebbing away with nothing to arrest decay.

I was in this condition a little over two years ago, and neither myself nor my friends expected or hoped for anything but death. Picture, if you can, nearly forty years of agony, and you can understand why we felt in that way. But a brighter day came. I began a new manner of treatment, and I saw new results. My pain became less intense. The most severe symptoms decreased. My hope revived, and I seemed awakening to another life. I continued to improve until my health and strength returned, thus enabling me to carry out a desire which I consider a duty in writing you this letter, and saying that my life, health, and hope for coming years are due wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, which has done wonders for me, and also restored many of my friends.

Many who may read these lines will possibly think I am over-enthusiastic. Is it possible to be over-enthusiastic after being delivered from a life of misery and brought into a world of comfort and happiness? Was the blind man mentioned in the Bible, whose sight was restored, too enthusiastic? The fact is, I am only doing what I believe to be my duty in making my experience public, for I know there are myriads of women who are going into the same dark path unless they are warned in time and saved as I have been. This is a most serious matter, and one which concerns the welfare of the nation as well as the happiness of the people. If the mothers of this land are unhealthy, America will become a nation of invalids, and any means which can so safely and surely avert this danger as that which I have described, should be gladly welcomed by all true men and women.

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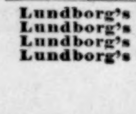

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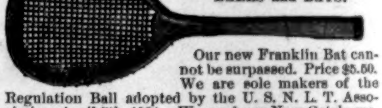

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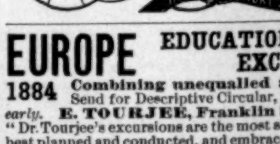

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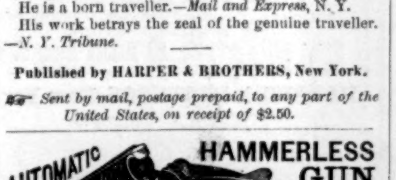

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